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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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SUNDAY COCK-FIGHT AT MADRID.

THE frequency of civil wars in Spain, like the ancient tribal feuds and faction fights in Ireland before the English conquest, may perhaps be ascribed to a predilection for the exciting amusement of looking on at any sort of combat, whether or not connected with the rivalry of political parties. It may, indeed, be a kind of popular entertainment to see the Carlist guerilla leaders skirmishing in the northern provinces, and the Red Republicans in the south and east, as well as to witness the exhibition of a bull-fight, or even such a duel of pugnacious birds as is shown in the accompanying sketch of a favorite Sunday sport at Madrid. Cock-fighting is a practice not yet quite extinct even in this country; but in Spain it flourishes and keeps a high rank among fashionable pastimes. Its code of rules is duly recognized and studied by a numerous class of professors, connoisseurs, and amateurs of this noble art and science; and a regular theatre is established for the display of gallinaceous valor, adjoining the arena of the well-known bull-fights. The men belonging to the bull-ring are commonly those who breed and sell, or bring into the cock-pit, the most highly esteemed combatants with beak and claw, some of which are rated at very high prices, as much as $250 or even $500 being paid for a cock of superior prowess and renown. Those brought from the Canary Isles are considered the most valuable, and fetch the most money. At the appointed time for a grand cock-fight there is a crowd of eager spectators, very mixed company, who speak loudly of the merits of those birds which they choose to commend—the *coloran*, or red one, the *cola corta*, or short-tailed one—and lay bets on the issue of the fight. Every incident of its progress, every flying leap, dig of the beak, or scratch of the spur, is punctually noted by the sporting reporters, and becomes part of history for the instruction of future generations. So high a degree of enthusiasm prevails that the owner of a valiant cock which recently died the death of a hero in the hour of martial victory was seen to drink the blood pouring from a wound in its mangled head—a grateful tribute of admiring affection.

The cock-pit, though not so popular as the bull-ring, is yet extensively patronized by the *élite* of Spanish society; and, as stated in our article last week on the sport of bull-fighting, it is no uncommon occurrence, especially in the provinces, to see the black-robed and black-hatted priest among the eager spectators. It is only in the Spanish West Indies and Mexico and South America that the priest takes an active part in this degrading amusement; but in those countries it is an every-day occurrence. In Mr. HAZARD's interesting book on Santo Domingo, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, there is an account of a visit to a parish school where each of the pupils had a game-cock in a basket by his side. On being asked the reason for this extraordinary display, the teacher, who was also the village priest, replied that the birds were his property, and that after school-hours, and on Sunday afternoons, he was accustomed to repair with them to the cock-pit. Mr. HAZARD was not at a loss, after this, to account for the low state of education and religion in Santo Domingo.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

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OUR FOREIGN CRITICS AND CÆSARISM.

THE *Edinburgh Review*, which ten years ago was constantly foretelling the utter fall of the Union and the triumph of barbarism and chivalry, is still concerned for the future of our country. It thinks that wherever democracy is preponderant there must be "distrust and uncertainty." It asserts that it is not unusual to meet in America with men who sigh for an absolute rule and a military despotism. Probably our astute contemporary has been studying some of the burlesques on Cæsarism that have been widely spread during the summer season over the country, and has been deluded by canards that are the amusement of the idle. Baron HÜBNER, whose travels the *Review* follows, meets with a Western "Governor"—was it GRATZ BROWN?—who holds the following "very singular language:" "Yes," he said, possibly in a hypochondriacal condition of spirits—"yes, we are a great, a *glorious* nation. But we are unsound. The Union has, I fear, no future." We confess we do not share in the melancholy train of thought of the Governor or the *Review*. To all persons of common-sense the future of the Union must seem at least as well assured as the throne of VICTORIA or the republic of France. We are satisfied with our lot. But it may be well to remember that the dangers of the Union are less pressing now than ever before in its history, and that they have decreased year by year with the progress of the people. It is the good sense of the majority that has invariably saved the country in its moments of doubt. The struggles of factions are moderate now to what they were in earlier times. Even the slanders and outcries of disappointed politicians are less noisy.

When HAMILTON and MADISON were composing their essays on the Constitution, and JEFFERSON, with more of the acuteness of novelty, was suggesting his doubts and his wishes in his less pretentious style, it is not to be supposed that the Union was safe, or that politicians were less vigorous in their denunciations of each other, that private character or public merit was spared in the strife of factions. The founders of the state lavished epithets upon their opponents that far surpass the force, if not the coarseness, of the most imbittered language used in the Crédit Mobilier controversy. JEFFERSON was eager to convict HAMILTON of fraud in office. HAMILTON'S opinions of his rival's veracity were never flattering nor concealed. Even the calm WASHINGTON declared JEFFERSON to be "a most profound hypocrite." Rebellion and secession were not unknown to our sires, and in the stormy period of 1788–89 Virginia went to the extreme of building a large armory at Richmond for the manufacture of arms, and laid a heavy tax to carry on a war against the tottering Union. Nor was it any less power than the intelligence of the people that saved the country from the folly of ambitious politicians.

We have seen the same crisis constantly arise, and the same unseen force stretched forward on every occasion to preserve the community from its madmen. In 1820, in 1832, in 1850, in 1860, the intelligence of the people was suddenly aroused, and the plottings of the disunionists were stricken down by the iron pressure of a resolute majority. Slowly yet certainly the perceptions of the people have enlarged, and the sentiment of a common object and of national aims has reached a large proportion of the thirty-nine millions of varied races who rest beneath the shelter of the Union. We are more thoroughly a nation now than in any period of our past career. We are bound together by a general prosperity quite unparalleled. We are moving onward under a government that satisfies more than three-fourths of the people: it will at last satisfy all. And we can assure our foreign critics that the Union and the Constitution are stronger now in the affections of the nation than at any moment in their past career.

To a portion of our foreign population and to the lingering fragments of the rebellious faction at the South the canard of Cæsarism has been singularly delusive. It is accepted by the Virginia and Georgia journals as readily as by the *Gaulois* or the *Edinburgh Review*. Under Cæsarism there would be short shrift for the white and black republicanism of Atlanta and New Orleans. Under Cæsarism there might be a general suppression of liberal schools and newspapers at the North. But our foreign priests and our Southern rebels must consent to abandon their pleasing delusion. They are dying out amidst the imperial rule of common-sense. It will not be many years before the last of the Ku-Klux will have passed away. We shall have soon more important subjects of discussion than sensational vagaries and secret but ineffectual plots against freedom. The government satisfies the people. They will probably be employed in future in providing for their own comfort and in developing the resources of the land, in building railroads and opening avenues of trade, in spreading useful knowledge and in helping each other. And it is not difficult to understand that those among us who "sigh for an absolute ruler" are only a few fallen politicians who have survived the wreck of slavery, or a few wandering priests who have been trained in the despotic school of LOYOLA.

SHALL WE HAVE ANOTHER BLACK FRIDAY?

THE condition of the gold market is beginning to give rise to a good deal of concern. It is pretty well understood that all of the twenty-six or seven millions of gold held by the New York city banks is owned by one individual or party. Not content with what they have, this party continues day after day to buy gold from the speculators, who continue to sell it, seemingly without any concern as to where they are to procure it for delivery; and thus matters are shaping themselves for a corner in the most natural way in the world. Of course, if the Bull party own all the real gold in the market, they can afford to take all the "phantom gold" their adversaries may choose to sell them. It doesn't matter whether they buy ten, or a hundred, or a thousand millions. If the parties who sell can not procure the gold for delivery, they will be compelled to settle with the buyers on the best terms they can make. And the newspapers, which are hounding the gold clique, and predicting their early failure and collapse, are really rendering them the greatest service in the world by keeping up the courage of the Bears in gold, and tempting people to sell it short in the hope of making fortunes when JAY GOULD throws up the sponge and is driven from the field.

The situation is grave enough to warrant plain talk. It is due to the public that the true position of affairs should be stated. To represent the gold clique as desperate men on the verge of failure, and destitute of cash means, is simply silly. They are nothing of the kind. They are bold, reckless speculators, who have gradually possessed themselves of all the gold in the country, and who are now steadily increasing their apparent holdings by purchases of "phantom gold;" and at the right time they will permit the corner to develop itself, and will repeat the story of Northwestern on a far greater scale. It must be remembered that the corner of Black Friday—four years ago—failed simply from the want of nerve and coherence of the great speculators. If they had held together, and had quietly bought the government gold, they could have forced the Bears to settle at 160: every man of them would have been compelled to step up to the captain's office. There was no possible way of escape. As it was, the conspirators played false to each other, and all three of the leaders lost their heads when the President ordered a sale of five millions of gold. From that moment there was a rout—a general *sauve qui peut* among the members of the clique, and gold dropped thirty per cent. in an hour. If, in 1869, instead of three chiefs acting almost independently of each other, there had been but one—a man of nerve and courage—the result might have been very different. It is quite doubtful whether a government sale of five or even ten millions—which is probably as much as the Secretary dare sell—would demoralize or even disconcert a gold party at the present time. We have grown used to big figures of late years. And if the Secretary did interfere in the market, and the clique took from him all the gold he dared sell, the discovery of his powerlessness could hardly fail to create a panic, of which it would be difficult to foresee the consequences.

A NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE National Association of Teachers has held its annual meeting, not, we believe, without suggesting many useful subjects of discussion. Its members are taken from our most accomplished and intelligent class. They have given their lives to teaching and to the cultivation of letters. In the midst of a devotion to material pursuits that engrosses too much of the talent of the nation, we are still fortunate to possess so many valuable educators who are zealously occupied in enforcing that mental cultivation from which our material progress springs. It is to the school and the college, to literature and science, that we owe the intelligence that has developed our natural resources, and upon the labors of the teacher rest our hopes of future progress. President M'COSH assailed the agricultural colleges in an argument whose force might be taken away by obliging every student of agriculture to engage to become, for some years at least, a practical farmer! President ELIOT, of Harvard, opposes with vigor the project of a national university. At present we have a sufficiency of university education. We can wait for its farther improvement and enlargement. But there is one subject that should engage the chief attention of all future teachers' meetings, and whose exceeding importance and pressing dangers can admit of no delay.

This is the existence among us of a vast population of persons wholly uneducated, and from which come not only the greater part of our paupers and criminals, but also most of the political errors that affect our public prosperity. We believe that most of our readers are familiar with the alarming proofs of our national ignorance. It comes chiefly from two sources. Immigration fills our cities with a throng of the uneducated Irish; the fall of slavery, and its long continuance, have both conspired to make our Southern territory the seat of almost universal ignorance. A large proportion of the whites—perhaps two-thirds—of suitable age at the South, and a still larger proportion of the colored race, are wholly unable to read and write. The ignorant are there counted by millions, and no effective plan yet has been matured to spread common intelligence among this vast population of voters. But the ignorance of the Northern States is even more dangerous than that of the Southern, because here it affects the chief centres of commerce, and poisons the arteries of the nation. In the State of New York there are more than 150,000 persons over ten years of age who are wholly ignorant and utterly degraded. They are chiefly of foreign birth or parentage. They fill our almshouses and prisons. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of our crime and pauperism comes from them. Their vote is all-powerful in many districts of the State, and they place in our Legislature and our public offices men often as ignorant and debased as themselves. A similar class is rapidly growing up in New England and in the Western States; and wherever they prevail the same consequences follow, and crime and political corruption rise up ominously together.

The problem before the people is, therefore, how to rescue their ignorant class from its necessary degradation, and the chief aim of the teachers' meetings must in future be to spread a knowledge of order, cleanliness, good morals, and decency through the millions among us to whom they are in a great degree unfamiliar. Whether Latin and Greek should be taught, insisted upon, or neglected; whether we can create a successful national university; what shall be done to advance our agricultural colleges to further usefulness—are questions nearly insignificant when compared with the necessity that rests upon the nation of providing the elements of education for its millions of uncultivated voters. The dark mass of ignorance threatens destruction to freedom and to all our material progress. It seems to us that we can only dissipate it by a thorough system of compulsory and national education. What our common-school system wants is unity, method, and vigor. It has as yet failed to reach the foreign ignorance of the North, the general barbarism of the South. It is engaged in every State in idle conflicts with indolence, avarice, superstition. Under the care of a national bureau, we think a plan might be devised to make education compulsory and to make it universal. Nor do we think that the power of the national government could be more profitably employed than in securing the general cultivation of the whole people, nor would the people object to any measures that would rescue them and their children from the dangers of ignorance. Had the people of the South been tolerably educated, they would never have rebelled, and they would have removed slavery by pacific means. Had the Irish of our cities felt the influence of the public school, they would never have given their vote for the perpetuation of slavery, or forced upon New York a reign of thieves. The chief question of our future will be how to construct an effective system of education that shall unite the nation by the ties of common-sense, that will teach trades, employments, industry, and good morals no less than elementary knowledge, and which will make the nation its own school-master.

TRANSATLANTIC BALLOONING.

IT is nearly twelve years since Mr. JOHN WISE, in the editorial rooms of this journal, announced his intention of crossing the ocean in a balloon. It was even then an old story with him. He had convinced himself of the existence of the western air current many years before, and had been looking ever since for some one to furnish him the means of proving his theory by a practical experiment. The person required has at length appeared. An enterprising young newspaper, with politic liberality, has furnished the money, and by the time these lines are read, if all parties keep their promises, Messrs. WISE and DONALDSON will have started, or be on the point of starting, on their aerial voyage from New York to Europe.

One can not but wish well to the gallant old enthusiast who has stuck to his theory through so many years of weary waiting and discouragement. He is so modest, too, that criticism is disarmed. To the Liberal Club, when asked where he expected to land, he simply answered, "Somewhere between St. Petersburg and Africa." To a newspaper which spoke of the "pluck" of the thing, he writes: "I see no pluck in this thing—only a little common-sense, evoked by a long experience in a slow, plodding, groping, professional way." This is certainly not the language either of an impostor or a crazy visionary, and if the professor does come to grief, these words will be remembered to his honor. It is agreeable to know that, so far as his material resources are concerned, he will have every thing he could desire. His balloon will be 110 feet high by 100 wide, will contain 400,000 cubic feet of gas, and will have a lifting power of 14,000 pounds. It will carry 6000 pounds of ballast. Attached to the balloon will be two boats—one of INGERSOLL'S best life-boats, built for the purpose, and a paper canoe. With these it is hoped that the lives of the aeronauts may be saved in case the balloon falls into the sea.

The principle upon which Professor WISE relies for the safe accomplishment of his voyage—viz., that there exists at a given distance, say one and a half miles, from the earth, a uniform current of air flowing from west to east—was known and partially admitted by philosophers in the last century. One of the MONTGOLFIERS demonstrated it by traveling in a balloon, pursuant to announcement, from Toulon to Nice, over the tops of the Alps. Professor HENRY and other scientists of our own day have not denied it. But, in practice, it would seem either that this current is not so invariable as Professor WISE believes, or that above and below it are other currents flowing in other directions, and that with our present appliances it is impossible to keep a balloon steady in one current. Mr. LAMOUNTAIN ascended at Watertown, intending to take an Eastern trip; he was next heard of eating frogs and haws, and very glad to get them, on the Hudson Bay water-shed. Mr. GREEN went up at London, England, for a little trip to Kent; he landed at Nassau, five hundred miles southeast. The ballooning business was pretty extensively carried on during the siege of Paris. Some of the ablest scientific men in the world had the strongest motives for developing a science, if it could be done. But beyond going up into the air, which GAY-LUSSAC had done seventy-five years before, they accomplished nothing. Some of their balloons came down in the Prussian camp; some in Norway; some in Southern France; some went to sea, over the Atlantic, and were never heard of again. Not one step was won toward guiding the balloon. If there

had been a uniform western current, would not NADAR have discovered it?

Be all this as it may, we wish Professor WISE all manner of success. We hope he may have a pleasant trip, and that he may land on some pleasant European shore—not on that terrible African coast, where the thermometers mark nothing below ninety degrees, and where the people take their babies cold, with vinegar sauce.

CHICAGO GERMANS AND THE JESUITS.

THE Mayor of Chicago nominated Colonel JUSSEN to a place on the Board of Education. But it happened that he had written a series of letters from Germany hostile to the Jesuits. The Jesuits opposed his confirmation in the Chicago Council, and he was rejected. It seems by this action that the enemies of Germany have the control of Chicago politics; and it may well become the duty of every German to reflect what must be the result if the Jesuit or ultramontane influence is to rule in our chief cities, is to control our boards of education, and to place in power men who will teach their children not only to become the enemies of our free institutions, but also of their father-land. If a German writes in favor of German unity, and is true to the interests of his countrymen in Europe, he is held by our Jesuit cabal to be unfit to hold office in the United States. Slight as is apparently the incident of the rejection of a German from a board of education by Jesuit intrigues, yet, as the Chicago *Freie Presse* and Colonel JUSSEN observe, it involves a principle of great importance; and, besides, it forms a part of a chain of similar circumstances that show in every part of the Union the resolution of the enemies of Germany to obtain the control of our national politics. If Bishop GILMOUR and the papal prelates can compel their people to vote only for those who will sustain the ultramontane policy, or if Tammany Hall succeeds in bringing New York under its corrupt rule, there is a plain danger that German unity may find its most active foes on this side of the ocean.

Every German may remember the zeal with which the Romanist faction among us espoused the cause of France in the war of 1870, how all Catholic Ireland was ready to join in the crusade that was to spread desolation over Germany, and reduce Prussia and Bavaria to a new subjection to the papal rule. The whole sympathy of our Democratic leaders went with the barbarous Zouaves who threatened to fill the Rhine provinces with horrible outrages, or the French "chivalry," who, depraved and dissolute, promised themselves the sack of the German cities; and when the German armies swept M'MAHON from Wörth, and captured NAPOLEON at Sedan, the only part of our people that were not filled with joy were the Democratic leaders of Tammany—the BRENNANS and the SWEENYS—the Jesuits of Chicago, and the ultramontanes of every land. It is well for the Germans to remember this. President GRANT and every Republican was their friend in the moment of danger; almost every Democrat was their foe. Nor is the danger past. M'MAHON and the Jesuits have seized upon the government of France; the French army has been increased to unusual strength. The German government has already been obliged to add to its military resources. It is quite probable that in some wild outbreak of religious frenzy or political hate the contest may be renewed, and the last great struggle be entered upon that must end in the ruin of German unity or the final subjugation of France. It is the duty of every German, therefore, to see that on this side of the water the enemies of his native land are driven from political power.

Colonel JUSSEN and the Chicago *Freie Presse* both assert that the leading Catholics of Chicago are the adherents of Jesuitism, the supporters of that dangerous faction in modern politics which is arming millions of Frenchmen to a new crusade against Germany, that is tearing the vitals of unhappy Spain, or that, under the guidance of its foreign priests and prelates, would rejoice to bring discord and civil war to the heart of our own republic. We have enlarged their expressions. There can be no doubt as to their meaning. That republicanism, freedom, popular education, the liberty of the press, and the well-being of the people are abhorrent to that merciless power which three years ago still made Rome the centre of tyranny and persecution, and which is now struggling to regain its rule by crushing the independence of France and covering Spain with bloodshed, every one is conscious. The example of our successful freedom has done more than any thing else to awaken reform in Europe. It has urged on the liberation of Italy, the revolt of Spain against priest and Pope, the disasters and the struggles of France. To bring discord and ruin to our fortunate republic would complete the victory of the ultramontanes. Could they divide us in warring sections, or break into fragments the whole fabric of freedom, could they inflict as fatal disasters upon our republic as they have done to the South American states, they fancy that they might yet reconquer Europe, and subject even Germany to a papal rule. We hope every German will remember that the fate of his native land may be decided in our elections; that, as Colonel JUSSEN urges, all other questions are temporary and insignificant compared with the menacing advance of the enemies of progress and freedom; and that it is free speech and a free press that are now to be defended at the polls in the United States, and with the bayonet in Europe. Let no German vote with the enemies of his country—with the chiefs of Tammany, who would again plunder New York, or the ultramontanes of Chicago, who would drive every friend of Germany from office.

PERSONAL.

THE funeral of Mrs. PETER G. STUYVESANT, on the 20th of August, and the consignment of her remains to the family vault of the STUYVESANTS in the crypt of St. Mark's Church, in which each generation of the family bearing the name of STUYVESANT has been buried, from the time of Governor PETER STUYVESANT, in 1647, to the present, recalls a curious incident in the life of one of her ancestors. Her great-grandfather, LEWIS MORRIS, who was at one time Chief Justice of the Province of New York, and Governor of New Jersey, was father of LEWIS MORRIS, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. LEWIS MORRIS (the Signer) had a brother, STAATS LEWIS MORRIS, who was a lieutenant-general in the British army. In his will, on file in the Surrogate's office of New York, he left £1000, the interest of which was to be paid to his sister, and appointed as one of the trustees of the fund AARON BURR. In the will of LEWIS MORRIS occurs the following passage, the like of which, we undertake to say, can not be found in any similar document written in the English language. We are indebted to the courtesy of Surrogate HUTCHINGS for the privilege of copying it verbatim from the records in the Surrogate's office of the city and county of New York. "It is my desire that my son GOUVERNEUR MORRIS may have the best education that is to be had in England or America; but my express will and directions are that he be never sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticut, least he should imbibe in his youth that low Craft and Cunning so Incident to the people of that Country, which is so interwoven in their Constitutions that all their art Cannot disguise it from the World, tho' many of them under the Sanctifyed Garb of Religion have Endeavoured to Impose themselves on to the World for honest men."

—Friday, August 22, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of President GRANT. With that marked desire to avoid all publicity which has always characterized him, the President was anxious to prevent any ostentatious display, and to ignore the time-honored custom of celebrating the silver wedding. The day was marked, therefore, only by a domestic reunion in his own immediate household at Long Branch.

—Colonel DE WITT CLINTON, who died August 14, at St. Paul, Minnesota, was a judge advocate in the army. His father is Judge GEORGE W. CLINTON, of Buffalo, for some twenty years past judge of the Superior Court. His grandfather was Governor DE WITT CLINTON. His mother was a daughter of JOHN C. SPENCER, formerly Secretary of War (1841–43), afterward Secretary of the Treasury, and a man of powerful intellect. JOHN C. SPENCER'S father, AMBROSE SPENCER, was also a man of great ability, and filled the office of Chief Justice of the State of New York from 1810 to 1823. A curious incident in the family history is that Chief Justice SPENCER married successively two sisters of Governor DE WITT CLINTON, so that on both sides Colonel CLINTON'S ancestry were remarkable for intellectual power.

—Connecticut, too, is doing handsomely in the endowment way. The late HENRY WARD FOOTE, of New Haven, bequeathed to Yale College $25,000 to be used as the foundation of one or more scholarships, to be called the Foote Scholarships. We understand it to be fact that in Massachusetts no man is eligible to the office of constable unless he be a graduate of Harvard. It looks as though parchment would soon be required in the constabulary of Connecticut.

—Sir GEORGE JESSEL, who is about to assume the office of Master of the Rolls, will be the first Jew who has ever become a judge in England. In olden times the Rolls House was a depository of records or archives. One of the titles of the Master of the Rolls was "Guardian of converted Jews," because the old Rolls House was formerly an asylum for converted Jews. By a cleverly drawn clause in the new act of judicature sectarian qualification is ignored. We may add that the Master of the Rolls has concurrent powers with the Lord Chancellor, except in cases of lunacy and bankruptcy. He is also chief of the Masters in Chancery, and has a salary of $35,000 a year.

—WILLIAM M. MEREDITH, of Philadelphia, just deceased, was in his day a man of mark—a diligent student, a fine scholar, an able lawyer, and a statesman. Though never a seeker of place, he was frequently sought out for the higher offices of trust, and made a good Secretary of the Treasury. His public and private character was never soiled, and he possessed in a remarkable degree the general esteem.

—The Rev. W. H. H. MURRAY, who has been preaching, fishing, and firing in the Adirondacks, left suddenly the other day, and went rapidly to Boston. He had shot deer up there against the statutes of New York, and hearing that the constables were after him, he "moved his family east." He despiseth your constable.

—The *Evening Post* says, "Judge BLATCHFORD is holding a special session at Newport, where he occupies a cottage." That seems a good arrangement. Judge BRADY is holding a heated term at Long Branch; Judge DAVIS is holding a very special term at his cottage at Tarrytown; Chief Justice DALY is holding an admiralty term at his marine villa at Sag Harbor; Chief Justice CHURCH is hearing pleasant appeals at Long Branch; and Chief Justice INGRAHAM is holding three or four chambers at Saratoga—and all appear to be having it on their own terms.

—It is quite pleasant to copy paragraphs like the following, about Mr. THURLOW WEED: "His private life," says a correspondent, "continues to be made up of deeds of charity. He walks about seeking out deserving objects, and throwing rays of sunshine into the homes of the poor. Last week I learned that he had given $1000 to an old, superannuated subaltern, who, in earlier years, had performed service for him in political primaries. The latter was thunderstruck when the thousand-dollar check was handed to him." Equally pleasant is it to add that Mr. WEED in these little charities is not influenced by past political relations, but simply by a desire to benefit those who appear to him to require aid and deserve it.

—Old Fortune is the pet name of a colored man in Mayfield, Kentucky, who claims to be the oldest man in America. He ciphers it out that he is one hundred and twenty-two years old.

—Mr. KENEALY, counsel for the defense in the TICHBORNE case, used the following glowing language to describe the claimant's high moral tone while living in Australia: "Low as he has sunk in the social scale, no one ever doubted his honesty. He had been the victim of circumstances, but had made a noble reparation. He had soared from the vortex of dissipation to a higher moral atmosphere, and though for a time he had been led away by folly, yet, when living a life of savage happiness as a butcher, it was testified of him that he had never lost his honor."

—The recent decease of Colonel ANSON LIVINGSTON recalls the fact that the name is associated with the most important incidents in the early history of the country—its Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the State and Federal judiciary, etc. The family name as originally spelled in Scotland was LIVINGSTONE. Why changed by the first emigrants to America is difficult to learn.

—Mr. CHARLES READE has written a drama, in which he has created a character expressly for the purpose of holding up his critics to ridicule.

—Judging from his own description of them, life in former times would have been a barren waste to ex-Senator FOOTE if he could not have had his occasional duel. In the reminiscences he is now writing he says: "In the winter of 1832–33 I had a personal dispute at the bar with the famous S. S. PRENTISS, during the trial of a capital case of much importance. His language, though sufficiently retaliated by me at the time, induced me to send him a challenge, which I ought never to have thought of doing. He promptly accepted, proved a far better shot than myself, and wounded me very painfully in the left shoulder. We adjusted our dispute before we left the ground. An indiscreet friend or two of his spoke disparagingly of my conduct on the occasion. I was highly exasperated, and wrote him a note demanding whether he had given his sanction to this act of injustice. He at once denied doing so. I published the correspondence. He placed such an interpretation upon my letter to him as gave him much offense. He proposed reopening the fight, which we did on exceedingly desperate terms. He shot me down, giving me an exceedingly dangerous wound. In three months we were good friends, and lived in the greatest amity and harmony up to the period of his death, which happened in 1848."

—The late RUFUS DODGE, of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, though a bachelor, had correct views as to "the eternal fitness of things." Before leaving he wrote a clause in his will giving $5000 each to Fox Lake Female College and Ripon College, and $20,000 to found a female seminary at Beaver Dam.

—Editor WATTERSON, writing from the French capital, says, "The stranger who has never been here before begins to understand at once the charm which has made Paris a sort of pinchbeck Paradise for good Americans."

—The Lord Chief Justice of England said recently in the TICHBORNE trial: "A bit of paper from this court would open the door of any convent or any place in England if we wanted a witness." Mr. SEWARD said the same thing during the rebellion to an English nobleman: "I have only to touch this bell, my lord, and by a telegram I can arrest any man in the nation." In a lesser degree the same power can be exercised by the courts. Our judges are the ones who can say, "Come, and he cometh."

—Among the diversions to be introduced to New Yorkers during the coming season will be "Collodian," the caricaturist, who will appear at the Olympic Theatre, and draw caricatures to order on a large board on the stage. The London *Figaro* says of these sketches that, "apart from their rapidity, they possess considerable intrinsic merit of their own, and would be capital if they took half an hour instead of half a minute to accomplish on some much easier scale than that adopted by the caricaturist."

—M. GUSTAVE COURBET, who had the pleasure of pulling down the Vendôme column during the days of the Commune, will now have the additional pleasure of paying, to the extent of his worldly possessions, for putting it up again.

—This journal concurs with that organ of public opinion known as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that the sight of four able-bodied men playing croquet is the sublimest spectacle an impoverished country ever beheld.

—In striking contrast with the bequests mentioned in our columns recently of large amounts for educational and benevolent purposes made by opulent Americans is the will of old PETER THELLUSON, a miserly London banker, who died in July, 1787, leaving nearly four millions of dollars. He directed that his property should be vested in the purchase of estates, to accumulate until such time as all his children, and the male children of his sons and grandsons, shall die, and then the lineal male descendants, who must bear the name of THELLUSON, shall inherit in three equal lots—the number of his sons—thus creating prospectively three large landed estates. In case of failure of male descendants the estates to be sold, and the proceeds applied toward the paying of the national debt. Many attempts were made to upset this singular will, but they all failed. It has been calculated that ninety or one hundred years must elapse from the date of the will before the lineal male descendants can take possession of the property; and if during that period the sums of money left by the testator could have been invested at five per cent. compound interest, they would amount to more than three hundred and fifty million dollars. No more wills of this kind can be made, for a subsequent act of Parliament limits the power of bequest to a life or lives in being, and twenty-one years after the death of the survivor.

—In reference to the physical condition of Vice-President WILSON, the following, from a communication in the Boston *Journal*, written by a gentleman who had spent an evening with him, seems reliable: "He can do no mental work, can not write a letter even, and except a small amount of light reading, his doctor forbids all mental work. The second volume of his history was all complete save a page or two, but even that small addition can not be added. Complete and entire rest has been enjoined. Mr. WILSON is in excellent spirits. Hard as it is for such a man to be still, he conforms to the rigid tyranny of the man of healing, and confidently believes that he will be able to take the chair at the opening of the Senate. No work, no meat, no exciting company, no sailing, but complete repose is the law. A hundred houses have been opened to Mr. WILSON. The Vice-President now recalls the affectionate warning of his wife in war times: 'My dear, if your constitution was iron or steel, it could not sustain this wear and tear.'"

—Mrs. General GAINES, who for over forty years has been fighting for her property in New Orleans, is now living in Memphis. All she wants is twenty millions of dollars, and she is annoyed to think it is withheld.

—BENJAMIN C. BACON, of Beverly, New Jersey, was one of the original twelve who formed the first antislavery society in Massachusetts. Of the twelve only four are now living: Mr. BACON, who is in active life; WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, of Boston; Rev. MOSES THATCHER, of Northern New York; and OLIVER JOHNSON, who is connected with the *Christian Union*.

—Notwithstanding Dean STANLEY'S close personal relations with the Queen and royal family, and that his wife is one of her Majesty's most intimate friends, he was not made Bishop of Winchester, as was supposed he would be. The simple truth probably is that Mr. GLADSTONE couldn't afford to risk his popularity upon such an appointment. Episcopacy had a tough strain when the bishops were compelled to ordain Dr. TEMPLE as Bishop of Exeter in 1869. But Dean STANLEY, in the eyes of the great body of English Churchmen—High and Low—is as much worse than Dr. TEMPLE as in the eyes of Catholics HYACINTHE is worse than DÖLLINGER. Many go so far as to assert that he disbelieves in the inspiration of the Bible, in the divinity of Christ, and in the efficacy of the sacraments, and that his mere retention in the Church in any capacity is a sin, a scandal, and a shame.

—General SHERMAN has been to Cape May with his three daughters. In reply to a proposition for a card-reception, he said, "That's all right; but I'll have to telegraph for my clothes. I thought Cape May was a wild kind of place, and didn't bring a good suit." Sunday, after church, he was to be seen barefooted, like CÆSAR when he bantered CASSIUS to swim the Tiber, talking to General MORGAN SMITH, as he leaned up against the bath-house, and raked up the sand with his big toe. The ladies like him for his simplicity, *bonhomie*, and short, soldierly talk.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, near Lemont, on the night of August 16. A freight and a passenger train came into collision, wrecking the cars, and killing eleven passengers, besides wounding nearly forty others.

A company of ruffians entered the court-house at Perryville, Arkansas, August 20, and firing on the inmates, killed one and wounded another.

At Les Cygnes, Kansas, a mob of four hundred men took possession of the town, threatening to burn it and hang the sheriff unless the murderer Keller was delivered to them.

Details of the late battle between the Pawnee and the Sioux Indians place the loss of the first named at one hundred men, women, and children, and a large quantity of buffalo meat and hides.

Mr. Whalley has returned to England with what he considers satisfactory evidence that the present Tichborne claimant was one of the men picked up by the boat *Bella*.

In the case of Ann Eliza Webb *v.* Brigham Young, Judge Emerson has decided that the court has no jurisdiction, and the suit has been dismissed.

Eight men were killed and twelve injured, August 22, by the falling of a gable wall in West Eleventh Street, in this city, caused by the removal of the floors pending some alterations in the building, which left the walls void of support.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE trial of the Bank of England forgers was begun in London August 18.

A freighting steamer, running from Shanghai to London, has been lost in the Red Sea, and several of the officers and crew were drowned.

Twenty republican newspapers have been suppressed by the French government this month.

President Pardo, of Peru, will in December send out another expedition, with a man-of-war at its disposal, for the exploration of the Isthmus of Darien for an international canal.

The Sultan of Achen has refused to treat with the Dutch. Many of the tribes of Sumatra have joined in the war against Holland.

There was a large fire in Quebec August 19. Two schooners were burned, and over two hundred men were thrown out of employment. Loss between $300,000 and $400,000.

A terrible flood has swept over the Indian province of Agra, destroying 3500 "native houses" and many human lives.

The Communist fellow-prisoners with M. Rochefort, while on shipboard on their way to New Caledonia, threatened to lynch him for treason to their cause.

Three more of the "petroleum incendiaries" in Madrid have been condemned to death.

The members of the Iron and Steel Institute of Liege, Belgium, have accepted an invitation to meet in the United States next year.

The Carlists have been defeated near Berga by the republican troops, losing ninety killed and having 300 wounded. All of the Carlist and Communist prisoners are to be sent to reinforce the Spanish army in Cuba. The Carlist forces in the north number 28,000 men.

An attempt was made to assassinate Don Alfonso, the brother of Don Carlos, August 16; but it failed, and the would-be murderer was arrested and executed.

Prince Napoleon has been elected President of the Council General of Corsica.

The Prussian government has closed the Roman Catholic seminary at Posen.

The laying of an ocean cable between Lisbon and Rio Janeiro was begun August 21.

"DO YOU SEE ME?"—GENERAL BUTLER DEFYING THE REBELS AT NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 778.]

MR. W. G. WILSON.

AMONG the American exhibitors brought into especial prominence by the awards at the Vienna Exposition was Mr. W. G. WILSON, of Cleveland, Ohio, president of the Wilson Sewing-machine Company, and inventor of the Wilson Sewing-Machines, which have received the highest medal awarded in that important and largely represented department of manufacture.

Mr. WILSON is a representative American, and there is in his life and business career much that is valuable and suggestive to the young men of this country. He is now only thirty-two years of age, and has already reached a degree of success that but few men attain in the mature years of life. While yet quite young he engaged in business as a sewing-machine agent, and while thus employed became convinced that a good sewing-machine could be made and sold for considerably less than the price then charged for serviceable family machines. This idea was the mainspring of his subsequent career, the key to his almost immediate and unprecedented success.

In 1864 he went to Cleveland, Ohio, a point combining all the requisites of a manufacturing centre—cheap coal and iron, and ample facilities for transportation. Mr. WILSON here invented and began the manufacture of a single-thread sewing-machine, which he put at once into the market at a price which every person who needed a sewing-machine could afford to pay. His energy and ambition were infused into his employés and subordinates, and improvements were made so rapidly that the machine almost changed its entire form and character from year to year. His great difficulty, as he had apprehended, was with the owners of the other and longer established sewing-machines, who naturally guarded with the strictest jealousy every infringement upon their patents. The result was a series of long and stubbornly contested litigations, which kept the subject of this sketch busy and in more or less hot water for a number of years.

All difficulties vanish, however, before steadfast and intelligent determination. The lawsuits were won or compromised upon practicable terms, the machine went on improving, the small shop on Canal Street in Cleveland grew into an immense manufactory, and finally, in 1870, the "New Under-feed Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machine" was perfected and given to the world.

The public meantime had sustained Mr. WILSON'S enterprise by purchasing his machines as fast as they could be manufactured, and notwithstanding he sold them at twenty dollars less than other first-class sewing-machines, his revenues became princely. He had the advantage of being near his customers. The saving in freight alone as compared with Eastern machines sent to the Western market being equivalent to a handsome income. Mr. WILSON also increased the popularity of his machines by offering to persons of limited means easy terms of payment. Many a poor needle-woman, to whom sixty-five or even fifty dollars was an unattainable sum, found it easy to take a Wilson machine, and gradually save from its surplus earnings its own price. The public is not slow to recognize favors like this, and Mr. WILSON'S generosity has been munificently repaid. His business grew. His agencies were extended until they embraced not only all the leading towns and county-seats in the West, but the Eastern cities, as well as the West Indies, South America, all the principal cities in Europe, and even China and Japan. The machine was every where remarkably successful at all competitive exhibitions. At the Agricultural, Mechanical, and Horticultural Association, at Indianapolis, Indiana, of 1870, it carried off the gold medal, and at the State Agricultural Society of Michigan in the year 1871 two diplomas were awarded it. Also a diploma at the American Institute, New York, and a diploma and medal at the Great Northern Ohio Fair, held in Cleveland in the same year; and at the fairs in 1872 it carried off seven first premiums at the Northern Michigan Agricultural and Mechanical Society, and fourteen first premiums at the Ohio State Fair, for the best sewing-machines and for various qualities and classes of work done on the machine, together with a silver medal and diploma at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition for the best work done on sewing-machines. A gold medal, two large silver medals, a bronze medal, and silver cup were awarded to the Wilson machine and work done by it, over nineteen competitors, at the Louisiana State Fair, held at New Orleans in the spring of 1873; and similar honors in Missouri and other States are among its trophies. It has been exhibited in Vienna at great expense, and, as the result has shown, has added another brilliant victory to its record.

W. G. WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY.

PILGRIMAGES IN FRANCE.

FOR the last two years pilgrimages have been highly fashionable in France, and this may be termed the pilgrimage season, the *mois des pèlerinages*, when all good Catholics are expected to visit some well-known shrine, and pray for their own and their country's welfare, having commenced on the 21st of July. At the present time the grotto of Lourdes is the most popular resort. Parties of hundreds, nay, thousands, of pilgrims visit this shrine, and drink of its miraculous waters. It would seem as if the fervid fanaticism of the Middle Ages had been revived in the French people of this century. The mania for making pilgrimages pervades all classes, and rich and poor, high and low, swell the processions of the faithful. Not only the priests but the civil authorities encourage these demonstrations, and foster the spirit from which they spring.

For these pious pilgrimages are not undertaken wholly with a religious object. They serve as a political profession of faith. Are you a radical, you laugh at the pilgrims, and ask why they should not be stopped, when M. GAMBETTA can not even utter a word of his mind after dinner; are you a "moderate," you smile benignly at the pilgrims, and wish them *bon voyage;* are you mildly monarchical, then you give your wife a trip to the Pyrenees; while, should you happen to be a stanch legitimist, you go yourself. Thus, last October, as a sort of antidote to some very radical utterances of M. GAMBETTA, the conservatives made a demonstration of no less than 200,000 strong at the Lourdes grotto. The pilgrimages this year have been even more general and popular. Excursions are continually organized from all parts of the country; a journal, *The Pilgrim*, has been started to keep the faithful well informed as to the movements of the various pilgrimages; and pious Breton and fashionable Parisian meet at the grotto entrance, and give each other holy-water from the tips of their fingers. The second illustration on this page represents some pilgrims of the Sacred Heart of Jesus assembled at a provincial station prior to their departure for Lourdes. The Order of the Sacred Heart, it may be mentioned, originated some hundred years ago in a paralyzed little girl named MARIE ALACOQUE, who, it is said, received visits from the Virgin, and who, according to the legend, exchanged hearts with our Saviour.

The alleged miracle to which the grotto and waters of Lourdes owe their fame took place on the 11th of February, 1858, when the Holy Virgin is said to have appeared to a young girl named BERNADETTE SOUBIRONS no less than eighteen times. The noise caused by these apparitions attracted the attention of the Bishop of Tarbes, who appointed a commission of inquiry. The report was in favor of the miracle. It was authoritatively accepted by the bishop four years later; and the crowds that since the war have flocked to the shrine show that his decision has been ratified by the mass of the French people.

PILGRIMAGES IN FRANCE—DEPARTURE FROM A PROVINCIAL STATION OF "SACRED HEART" PILGRIMS FOR LOURDES.

A TRIFLING EXCHANGE.

Said grave papa, "Why, Kitty, child,
What do I on your finger see?"
"Oh, this, papa?" the maiden said;
"Why, this, you know, Sam gave to me."
"And pray what right had Sam, my dear,
My daughter's hand to fetter thus?"
"Oh, let me see!" Miss Kitty said—
"It was the day he dined with us."

"He dined with us!" papa replied;
"Pray what has that to do with it?"
"Why, nothing, Sir; but then, you know,
We tried to see if it would fit;
And then we couldn't get it off,
Although we tried, and tried, and tried!"
"Poor child! *I'll* take it off at once,"
With tenderness papa replied.

With blushes Kitty hung her head:
"Oh no, papa! because, you see,
Sam said, if *something* I'd give him,
Why, he would give the ring to me."
"Oh! ah!" replied papa—"indeed!
And pray what did you give him, miss?"
"Only a trifle, Sir," she said:
"He wanted, and I gave—a kiss!"

RHODA.

So Rhoda went to make a visit a. the sea-side. She was worn out, they said, at home with teaching the ragged village children, and superintending household affairs; besides, she would be married when Mr. Hildreth returned from Europe; and as this was an excellent match, it behooved them to see that Rhoda lost nothing of her charm, that her roses did not fade as they threatened to do, that the light did not fail in her eyes, nor smiles forget to dimple her velvet cheek. The old family doctor had been called, and had sounded her lungs, and ordered her to the sea-shore. "Throw your *trousseau* to the winds," said he, "and take your ease. Don't keep stitching here all the summer days for vanity's sake! There's better work to be done in the open air and sunshine."

Rhoda was only too glad to obey, though the good doctor had not quite sounded the depth of her trouble. In truth, these tucks and embroideries and flutings made her heart ache; this pile of dry-goods, in which she would shine as Mrs. Hildreth, caused her to shudder whenever her eyes rested upon it. She was aware that by running away she was merely postponing the misery, that the same torments would assail the resumption of the needle on her return; but youth is infinite in hopes, and—who could tell?—there might be an earthquake before that—the millennium might come! If this was the case, you may reasonably ask why she had accepted Mr. Hildreth? Principally because he had asked her. When she left school, where she had been petted and made much of, and had begun to find herself somewhat of a cipher in general society, Mr. Hildreth was the first young man who came to her rescue, reversed her suspicions of her own insignificance, flattered her by his preference. Moreover, in Rhoda's world they taught that it was something almost shameful to pass your teens unsought, that an old maid was a blot on creation; therefore, it was not to be wondered at that she had accepted her first lover somewhat hastily. The marriage had been arranged to take place soon after the engagement, but one event after another had conspired to postpone it—latterly the illness of Mr. Hildreth's father in a foreign land; but so soon as he should be able to settle his affairs he would return home, and the marriage would be concluded. In the mean time Rhoda's affections and opinions had had time to rearrange themselves. At first she had been possessed with all the ecstasies of a happy engagement, had written gushing letters, had communed with the stars and the poets and the elective affinities; but presently the edge of this ecstasy wore off, the glamour grew thin as vanity. It began to be necessary that she should remind herself of him when he was not near. When he kissed her cheek the color did not flicker, nor the pulse waver. No emotion stirring in the heart told her it was her lover who held her; but she allowed these things to pass—uneasily, though. It was her first experience, and perhaps there was nothing strange about it, she reasoned. Affairs and sentiments would adjust themselves in time. Perhaps she was giving undue weight to the absence of certain emotions, to the presence of certain scruples. Time, the great remedial force, would doubtless establish things in their proper relations. So she drifted, but drifted ever into rougher waters, in the neighborhood of icebergs, in peril of shipwreck.

While she sewed on her wedding finery, what wonder if a swarm of unwelcome thoughts beset her! Might not something happen yet to prevent this marriage, without the lifting of a finger on her part? Were there not girls enough by sea and shore? The waves might swallow, sickness might lie in ambush. There was the bullet of the highwayman, the slip in the dark, the broken rail. Were there not chances enough in the world to separate them? Not that she wished him any harm—a thousand times no! When these thoughts assailed her she experienced a sort of repulsion of herself; she threw aside her work and went out. You may ask why she did not break an engagement that had become so hateful. In the first place, she knew that he rested in her so securely that she had not the heart to disappoint him, or to appear less exemplary than he believed. Added to these, there were meaner motives, perhaps, which prevailed with her: her mother and sisters were to share her benefits; her younger brother was to go through college; her elder to be bolstered in business—small bribes, to be sure, but she felt as if she should be defrauding them of that which they sorely needed for a selfish whim, which, after all, might signify nothing. And then, so long as she loved none else, what did it matter? Life couldn't last forever; love might come to her unawares any day, and there it seemed her clearest duty to rest and wait. But always the thought of release by some unlooked-for agency presented itself unbidden, till the daily conflict with herself had worn her to a shadow; and in this state she went to the sea-side.

The place she had chosen was by no means a fashionable resort, only frequented by artists and a few lovers of nature in her rugged solitudes. It was a rocky tongue of land wading out into the sea, which was forever beating itself into a white splendor of tossing spray upon the reef outside, reminding one of fantastic processions of ghosts on moonless nights, and suggesting fearful shipwrecks. There was not even an inn at Rocky Point; all were fishing huts and farm-houses, and in one of these Rhoda took up her abode. The only other boarder at that time happened—if any thing happens—to be an artist, handsome and debonair and busy, in a sort of idle fashion, over his canvas and pallet, but not too busy to leave Rhoda out of his horizon. Naturally, meeting at the family table, lounging in the vine-covered porch, they grew intimate insensibly; there presently seemed to have been no period of time when they had been strangers to each other—Rhoda, with the candor and absence of conventionality which belong to a damsel already selected, taking it as a matter of course that every body knew Mr. Hildreth and his relations to herself; and she therefore felt at liberty to go and come with Mr. Cheverill at her pleasure. Indeed, he had assured her that Mr. Hildreth was not unknown to him, when she had chanced to mention him in passing, and Rhoda naturally inferred that he must understand all about it, in that case, and allowed herself more latitude than an engaged woman would have deemed politic. If she had made up her mind to marry Mr. Hildreth, there was no danger for her in the attentions and blandishments of other men; indeed, she so thoroughly believed in the honesty of her own intentions that she never questioned her behavior, and walked into trouble without resistance. Not that it seemed like trouble at first. What could be pleasanter than strolls along the sands with a sympathetic companion, who had traveled over Europe with his alpenstock, had had adventures with brigands in the mountains of Greece, with cannibals at the Formosas; had pushed his way up the Nile, and sketched in the shadow of Theban ruins—a shadow cast by the declining beams of an elder civilization? Here, at Rocky Point, while he caught the fleeting expressions of cloud and waterscape, Rhoda looked over his shoulder, administering criticism and admiration without reserve. Sometimes the audacious youth sketched Rhoda herself, and lingered over the picture. He carved a charm to hang on her châtelaine from a bit of a wreck that the tide had left on the sands, repeating snatches of love-songs while he worked at it, shaping and finishing the toy as if he loved the task. He helped her forget the miserable thoughts that had borne her company so long. Could this be trouble? Did trouble ever come in such cheerful guise? If so, then perhaps trouble were sweeter than tranquillity. At least, all this was so different from the harassing imaginations that had been her companions, whether or no, as she sewed on her wedding outfit, that it brought the rose back to her cheek, it stole the languor from her movements, it made her at peace with the present and forgetful of the future.

One day a letter with a foreign postmark traveled down to Rocky Point for Rhoda. It was from Mr. Hildreth: he was coming home. She read it sitting on a bench in the old porch of the farm-house. Mr. Cheverill, pushing away the honeysuckles and leaning in at the window, caught sight of the letter and of Rhoda's face. She tore the letter in two, and crushed it in her hand. Her face was not so easy to hide. He left the porch window, and went in to sit beside her.

"You've no right to a trouble that I may not share," he said, tenderly.

"Don't be exacting," she laughed. "No doubt you will get the lion's share if you want it. But I am not in trouble any longer." And presently their voices dropped into an under-tone—that under-tone which insinuates that two have something in common apart from all the world besides—the white moonlight crept in through the tangled vines, and the rote of the sea set their words to tune; and sitting there in the dim light, they forgot every thing but each other. It was a delicious hour, that seemed brief as a moment. Had she ever loved before? This was what it had all meant, then; this was why Fate had sent her to Rocky Point. Mr. Hildreth's letter had opened her eyes. She recalled the odor of the honeysuckle mingling with the words of her new lover, the touch of his fingers upon her own, the sweet language of his eyes, and wondered how she had dared to think of another when such love was waiting for her somewhere. So wrapped was she in this selfish exaltation that she was quite oblivious to any hurt that it might bring to another, in recognizing the fact that the friendship of these brief summer weeks had crystallized into a love which long months of acquaintance and devotion on the part of Mr. Hildreth had failed to effect. She wrote to him now, wishing to be released from her engagement. At this late day she began to see what an injustice she was doing him by keeping him in ignorance of her state of mind. She was no longer beset with uncanny dreams of the peradventures that might take the matter out of her hands. She dismissed Mr. Hildreth from her mind as far as might be, and delivered herself to the delights of this new situation. They wrote love-sonnets on the beach, for which the tide had no regard; they helped Mistress Herrin with her churning; they sat on the worn bench in the porch on starless summer nights, and repeated to each other all that had happened in each life, exchanging fears and encouragements, bearing each other's burdens—only Rhoda never told him of Mr. Hildreth. She had a sensitive dread of his disapproval. Some time she meant to be brave and face it all, but always postponed the evil day. Mr. Hildreth would not receive her letter until he reached America. After that there would be time enough. But till then was she not, in a manner, engaged to two men? And how would Mr. Cheverill regard such an entanglement? And then why need she harass herself when pleasure waited close at hand? Why not taste the foam and leave the dregs? Who could tell what would be to-morrow?

So the summer weeks spent themselves, and the first autumnal tints began to show beside the sea. The nights grew cooler, when they were glad to huddle over the drift-wood fire in the keeping-room of the old farm-house, and conjure romance from the ashes of every dropping brand; the slumbering sunshine of what ancient summers awoke in the blazing logs; and were they splinters of some Spanish galleon—a memento of the Armada—or yet fragments of some pirate craft or costly merchantman? Had icebergs ground down upon the good ship mid-sea, or sunken reefs, lying in wait in thick darkness, rent them, or had cyclones crushed them? How they freighted it with silks from Damascus, with pearls from Ceylon, with spices from Arabia, with perfumes from Ispahan, and jewels from upper India! On what voyages they dispatched it, rocking on the long swells of the Atlantic, becalmed in tropic waters, touching at savage countries, hemmed in among the ice-fields of a polar night, till the lights were out in the fishing hamlets, and nothing stirred but the stars in their courses, and the restless sea—and the drift-wood fire had gone out.

The next week the autumn gales bore down on the lonely coast, driving the sea almost to the doors of the hamlets, and shutting the lovers in upon themselves. Presently the storm backed in, as they say, and Rhoda and Cheverill were out again in the sunshine searching the beach for such mementos as the sea had chosen to leave behind; but that same night the tempest gathered again, the rains descended in all their potency, the wind shook the farm-house on its beams, and rattled and whispered at latch and window, while the rhythm of the sea was something unearthly, and the night borrowed terror from the white phantoms that seemed to waver and dissolve about the reef, where the black waters were beaten into heavy spray. Rhoda went to the door to look out, and the sleet blew in her face. She shut it as if the blast had stung her.

"Oh, the sea is fearful! I hate it!" she cried, returning to the warm blaze on the hearth. "It fascinates and frightens me. I remember going to see a little model ship once when I was small, and it sent a shiver all through me; but yet I cried when I was taken away. An old hulk of a boat rotting on the shore, and half filled by the rains, made me shudder every time I went near it; yet I played about it every day and often!"

"And yet you came here to the sea-shore?" said Cheverill.

"But the sea didn't enter into my calculations."

"What was it, may I ask, that did enter into your calculations?"

"Oh, I was simply running away from myself."

"Odd taste on your part. Nobody else would want to do it."

"Thank you. How the wind rocks us! I feel as if I were out on the Atlantic in that old hulk. A gypsy once prophesied that the sea would work me both weal and woe. Captain Herrin says that one spring the tides ran so high they washed away his front steps, and spoiled his vegetable garden."

"I suppose he thought it unneighborly. Hark! what was that? I thought I heard the report of a gun."

"It was the surf thundering on the beach. I've thought so myself once or twice, but it *couldn't* be. It turns me to ice to imagine it. Besides, the tempest would muffle any such signal."

Just then Captain Herrin put his head through the door. "They're afeard there be a wreck gone on to the Black Reef," said he; "the men be down ter the shore like a school of mackerel, but no boat can't put off till the storm hauls round and the sea gits easy, and that 'll be nigh midnight fust."

Mr. Cheverill went to the window and lifted it. "It's a terrible night," said he, "but the storm is already abating. I'll just take a look at the situation."

"You'll hev ter look sharp, Sir; it's blacker than pitch."

"You won't mind my leaving you alone a little, Rhoda?" he asked, turning to her.

"Oh yes; let me go with you," she implored, speaking for the first time. "I won't mind the wet a bit. I'll put on my water-proof and rubber boots. I'm used to all sorts of weather. I won't be in the way."

"But you are trembling like a leaf already," objected Cheverill.

"That's because you were going to leave me alone, and I *can't* stay alone to-night of all nights. I must go with you wherever you go!"

"It is out of the question," he answered, with a lover's tender authority. "I will ask Mrs. Herrin to come and sit with you. I will return presently."

True to his word, he was back and forth hourly during the night, while Mistress Herrin beguiled his absence with tales of all the wrecks that had strewn that coast within the remembrance of graybeards, and how her John had manned the life-boat more than once, and she watching from the roof with the heart in her mouth. Rhoda vibrated to and fro between the dreary view from the window and the bright drift-wood fire, thinking how often one's cheer was wrought of another's grief, praying that there might be no need of Cheverill to help man the life-boat. But as the blackness of the night began to shade into gray, and a sort of deathly chill and silence seemed to creep into the house, with the untended fire a mound of ashes, and goodwife Herrin asleep in her chair, dreaming of the days when she and John were published in the village meeting-house, Rhoda never turned her back on the window. Her gaze wavered between the distant groups of men huddled along the shore and the faint apparition of a ship hanging upon the reef and wreathed with spray. Captain Herrin, coming up to the house on some errand, caught sight of her pale face at the window. "You should ought to be in your bed," said he.

"Is it true?" she cried; "is it a real wreck?"

"Ay, ay," he answered her; "real enough."

"Can nothing be done?"

"Every thing that brave menfolks can do, with God's help."

"You have no idea," she asked, idly, glad of companionship that was not drowsy—"you can't tell, of course, what ship it may be?"

"Ay; they think it's the *Dolphin*, from Liverpool. She's rigged like to her, and the *Dolphin* is overdue." And then he returned to the shore, and Rhoda dropped her head into her two hands and tried to think, or, rather, not to think.

Mr. Hildreth was returning in the *Dolphin*, partly because he owned in her, and partly because his physician had recommended a longer voyage after the excitements attending his father's death. All the vexing, uninvited thoughts that had attended Rhoda before her sojourn at Rocky Point, delaying her needle and stinging her conscience, visited her again, like the ghosts on Bosworth field, each with its separate charge and upbraiding. You have questioned, they said, if there were not perils enough by sea and land to divide you. Here is your answer. Was there not the sea to ingulf, the slip in the dark, the highwayman's bullet? Behold! one of these suffices. Not that you wished him any hurt. No; you would not lift a finger to his ruin. But you would be free without the utterance of a word. Then what could separate you but death and drowning? Going over and over the dreadful entanglement, totally unable to grasp the clew, helpless to decide what consent or encouragement her will had offered to these terrible accomplices, Rhoda unwittingly watched the silver dawn brightening, little by little, the clouds fold their tents reluctantly, leaving the morning-star to glisten against a ragged fringe of mist, while all the shore seemed alive with fishermen, and the fated *Dolphin*, like a ship woven out of the fog, swung on the reef, slowly settling to its grave. All at once Rhoda sprang to her feet and shook off her nightmare. In the dim gray of the half-opened dawning she could see the men uncoiling a rope: somebody was going to carry out a life-line to the ship. She turned and shook Mistress Herrin. "Come!" she cried—"come down with me to the shore. I can not bear this any longer: I must be doing. They are sending out a life-line too. I must see who is to take it. Come quick! here is your shawl—no matter about a hood; see, I have only my water-proof!" And she flew over the ground, leaving the good dame to trudge on, half awake. The wind blew wet and warm in Rhoda's face; the rain had freshened the withered grasses, and rubbed up the lichens on the low roofs of the huts; the sea itself was beginning to reflect the softened hues of heaven. But Rhoda heeded none of these things. The only picture that fixed itself on her retina was the group of men about Mr. Cheverill. She made her way through them, or, rather, they turned a little aside, as if they understood that she might have some tender words to exchange with a lover bound on such a perilous journey. She advanced, and laid a hand on his arm.

"What are you doing?" she asked, with a voice full of tears. "Do you know what you are doing? The man I was engaged to marry before I saw you—the man I *am* engaged to marry—is in that ship! Oh, what agony I have suffered since I knew it was the *Dolphin!* Perhaps you can't comprehend me; but I once wanted to be free of him. I wanted to be free so much. Such dreadful imaginations of possibilities that might set me at liberty haunted me, that now, if he is lost, it will seem like—like—as if I did it—as if I had called down the tempest to his destruction! You think I am mad," she went on, breathlessly. "I shall be—I shall be—if he is lost. If he is saved, I vow to make reparation for my evil heart. I—I shall marry him, if he wishes it!" She stood motionless, with her eyes dropped, and waited for him to speak; instead of that he touched the rope as if he were trying its strength, and let it fall untested. He looked out across the sea as if he were already leagues away, and then back to the land, and the woman standing beside him.

"There are other men—other men stronger than you," she suggested; "better used to battle with the sea. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to carry out the life-line," he answered, simply. "Good-by."

He did not stoop to kiss her—she belonged to the man he was going to save; and she turned away and went slowly back to the house. The fishermen and their families were busy enough all that day caring for those who had come ashore across the line. Rhoda made herself useful, too, in a sort of benumbed way, fetching and carrying, preparing broths and bandages. At one time she found courage to ask a sailor,

upon whom she was attending, "Do you know—there was a Mr. Hildreth—was he—"

"Bless you, lady!" returned the sailor, "he did think to take the trip home with us, being an owner, Mr. Hildreth did; but, as luck would have it, he hed a telegraph from his pardner over here, which it kep' him back a bit along of business, you see; and so he ain't run no chance of being drownded."

Rhoda's heart gave a great plunge in her bosom. Had she made her vow and lost a lover for naught? Was she sorry Mr. Hildreth had not sailed in the *Dolphin*, or was she glad?

As night drew down over the quiet fishing village, the heavens painted with flush of rose, and tints of saffron changing quietly to faint purples, and at last to starry spaces of midnight blue, one after another began to ask for Mr. Cheverill. But nobody had any thing to say about him, nobody had seen him return from the wreck. A few of the saved thought that the person who brought the life-line wore the face of a man long past his prime, but they had been too deeply concerned in their own welfare to take special notice of his. If he could do so much for them, he could surely take care of himself. In spite of the fatigues of the day, every possible search was made for him; but whether a wave had swept him off the line when he was coming back, whether he had slipped from the wreck, spent with his heroic toil, or whether love having failed him, he flung his life away besides, none could guess; but Mr. Cheverill never returned to Rocky Point.

Rhoda went home in worse state than the first; she folded away her wedding finery, thinking she had indeed done with it, and took to her bed. Every body predicted that she would never leave it.

One day Mr. Hildreth appeared on the scene.

"The doctors say she will die," her mother assured him, "unless she may go here, take this, that, and the other—things that poor folks can't think of without ruin!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Hildreth. But he came often; he ordered the things it ruins poor folks to think of; he came with his carriage; he made life look as inviting to her as it may look, bereft of love—he wreathed it in garlands. It was three years before he seemed to remember that he had once hoped to marry Rhoda himself; and life was passing with the hope unfulfilled. He reminded her of it. Of course it ended as might have been expected. The wedding garments were unfolded and retouched. She consented because there was nothing else to do: she had no longer any aims or wishes but to satisfy those about her—to make life a holiday to somebody. However, she aged rapidly in those early years of her marriage: she was like a blossom that had opened in the shade; at forty her hair was white as snow. She was an active woman, though, in her way—in charities, in good works, in her family; but all her efforts seemed to lack spontaneity—life had somehow missed its flavor. She was resigned, but unsatisfied. Perhaps if children had come to brighten her home, they might have reached her heart. One morning Mr. Hildreth fell from his horse, and she was a widow. Despondency beginning to encroach upon her spirits, her friends advised her to travel; she did now whatsoever she was advised, as she had so long been used to do. She had attempted to act for herself once, and the results had not been satisfactory, had withered her existence. However, this experiment bade fair to prove a failure as well, one might have thought, when the ship caught fire a week from port, just as Rhoda was beginning to conquer her seasickness; and at night-fall she was roused to take her chances upon one of the rafts thrown together on the spur of the moment. How appalling were those first hours, before they had been accustomed to the novel situation! what a wall of darkness hemmed them in! how idly the water washed against their ark, within hand's reach! They spoke in whispers at first—words that were half tears—as though the facts were too terrible to be uttered aloud: they called their friends, and only strangers replied. Long before dawn Rhoda had become too weary to heed any thing; the discomfort of the drizzling rain that had set in, her hard, cramped position, made her careless whether she clung to the raft or slipped away into the less terrible unknown; for presently, while she was leagues and eons away, walking on the beach at Rocky Point with young Cheverill, in the morning sun, somebody close beside her on the raft was thrilling her soul with an old hymn they had used to sing on lonely Sabbath mornings—somebody amidst all the uncertainty had found heart to pray.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amidst the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home:
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step's enough for me."

Somebody had thrown a cloak about her while she slept, and offered an arm for head-rest. "Oh, Sir," cried Rhoda, stirring away from the support, "where did you learn that hymn?"

"I learned it," answered the singer, in a grave and tender voice, "when I was too young to understand it. Once I was swept from a wreck; it happened very long ago; the meaning came to me then like a lightning flash."

"I should think so," she returned; "that must have been even worse than this, the solitude of it. And it happened a great while ago?"

"Yes. I caught at a floating spar, was washed out to sea, and picked up by a foreign-bound vessel—that was all."

"Then you have been twice shipwrecked?"

"Hardly; I was merely carrying aid to a shipwrecked crew at that time."

"Carrying aid to a shipwrecked crew? Ah me! such a brave thing! Did you carry a life-line?"

"You need not praise me for it; something had happened to me just before that made life less hard to lose."

"Oh, don't tell me it was not a heroic thing to do!" she cried. "I once had a friend who carried out the life-line to the ship *Dolphin*, and never returned."

Her companion was silent a while. Then he asked, hesitatingly, "Can you see my face?"

"It is yet too dark," she answered. "I have seen nobody. Yesterday was the first day in which I could leave my berth. But the morning is breaking."

"Yes; but I can see you plainly."

"Impossible."

"Let me convince you. Your eyes are like clear pools in shady places; your cheek is round and dimpled, and tinted like an apple blossom; your mouth large, but comely; your hair hangs in loose curls of an umber hue."

"Perhaps I was once like that," she laughed, sadly, pleased withal at the vision, "but daylight will disenchant you."

"It is an enchantment that twenty years of daylight has not been able to dissolve," said Rhoda's neighbor, leaning toward her, and speaking earnestly. But it has not occurred to you, perhaps, that I and the man who carried the life-line to the *Dolphin* are one!"

And while they spoke morning trembled along the east, each crisp wave catching the lustre and breaking it into brilliants, the fog blew off in silver ribbons, the light grew and grew like an unfolding flower flushing at the core, till all the heavens corruscated with color, and the sunlight fell full on the gray locks that were once umber-tinted, while against the blue and gold distance a white, white sail fluttered.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

August dog-days are not conducive to vigorous thought. Where to be found is the oxygen that makes us feel fresh, and able to do something worth doing? Sitting within-doors, we fancy that by going out with bowl and spoon we might dig up enough of this thick air to supply the breathing apparatus a while; but really the outer air is no more life-giving than that within. An all-pervading stagnation seems to rest upon city life. The daily journals, to be sure, present the usual quantity of reading matter to their patrons. There is a full supply of murders; railroad and steamboat accidents are not wanting; but these, alas! have become very commonplace. Some light gossip comes from mountain retreats and sea-side resorts; but even in those places the usual vivacity seems lacking. If the mantle of some departed poet had fallen upon us we should feel inclined to parody Bryant's well-known lines, somewhat after this style:

The thick and muggy days are come, the dullest of the year,
Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, and streets all damp and drear;
Heaped in the gutters of the town the summer garbage stays,
All undisturbed by sudden gusts or by the sweeper's ways;
The fashionables all have flown, secure from vulgar sight,
And from the fence-top howls the cat through all the gloomy night.

But no poetic mantle having fallen in our path, we forbear. The Dog-star will not forever be in the ascendant. Even now the closing days of summer's sultriest month are at hand, and September, "dearest month of all to pensive minds," gently follows, rich in fragrant fruits and ripening grain, and bearing breezes, soft indeed, but with something in them of coming coolness and invigoration.

The following letter is curious as an illustration of the endeavor of the Asiatic mind to write in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and as an indication of the progress which American ideas and improvements are making in the favor of the Japanese. It was written to the superintendent of one of the San Francisco street railroads by a correspondent who wished to be informed about introducing street cars into Jeddo, Japan:

"Sir,—I heard that you were railroad company. I hope street cars that will make build in ours capital city. Therefore, I will beg you to give me, If be rule of company, maps of railways, Picture of Car or writing which relation between the office and government about the make railway. I will do great happy to you If I will make the build it, because there is now the iron line and cars."

Iowa can justly boast of the large farms within her boundaries. One man owns a farm of 6000 acres, another has 3680 acres, another 2000, while many have from 1000 to 1500 acres each.

It is stated that since the great fire in Chicago between two and three hundred persons have been adjudged insane in the courts of Cook County, Illinois. "Of these," remarks a local paper, "the great fire is responsible for the dethroned reason of eleven persons." Who or what is responsible for the dethroned reason of all the others?

An alleged remedy for cholera is given in a London newspaper, which has at least the merit of being simple. When attacked with cholera, a mixture of an ounce of charcoal, an ounce of laudanum, and an ounce of brandy or other spirit, well shaken together, is recommended, a tea-spoonful to be given every five minutes. In half an hour this has been known to effectually relieve and stay the disease. As the patient becomes better, the mixture may be given at longer intervals. As a preventive, a small tea-spoonful of powdered charcoal may be taken three or four times a week, in the morning.

The following test for pure water is given by a German scientist: "If half a pint of the water be placed in a perfectly clean, colorless glass-stoppled bottle, a few grains of the best white lump-sugar added, and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room, the liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water becomes turbid it is open to the grave suspicion of sewage contamination, but if it remain clear it is almost certainly safe."

First the newspapers took up with interest the history of a little Kentucky girl who had rather more than the usual complement of grandmothers living—namely, five; then there was a Detroit child brought before the public because it possessed nine living grandparents. Last of all, a little six-months baby starts up from Litchfield, Michigan, with the story that it has twelve grandparents, all blood-relations—two grandfathers, two grandmothers, three great-grandfathers, three great-grandmothers, one great-great-grandfather, and one great-great-grandmother! This long ancestry will doubtless arouse some other child to see if it can not prove a successful rival.

A resident of Maine complains that the weather "probabilities" are posted in their appointed place so late after they arrive that the usual question among farmers is, "What is the weather going to be *yesterday?*"

Mrs. Oliphant evidently understands dogs as well as people, and in her recent novel—*Innocent*—gives some sprightly sketches of the doings of Winks, a small Skye terrier that figures pleasantly in the story. Who that has had much to do with dogs does not know their power of feigning?

"Winks, for his part, after an hour or two of it, got bored with the levity of the conversation, and rustled about so that he was put out of the carriage, to run for the benefit of his health. He went along for a mile, pleased enough, gathering dust in clouds about him. But when he intimated a desire to be taken in, the boys, hard-hearted beings! laughed in the face of Winks. 'A run will do you good, old fellow,' said Dick, with cruel satisfaction. A short time afterward, I am sorry to say, a dreadful accident, nature unknown, happened to Winks. He uttered a heart-rending shriek, and appeared immediately after, making his way toward the carriage, holding up one feathery paw in demonstrative suffering. The anxious party stopped immediately, and Winks made his way toward them, laboriously limping, and uttering painful cries. But when, all adust as he was, this hypocrite was lifted into the carriage, holding up the injured member, and was laid upon the softest cushion to have it examined, words fail me to express the sardonic grin with which he showed his milk-white teeth. There was no more the matter with the little villain's paw, my gentle reader, than with yours or mine."

A machine was invented long ago for cleaning chimneys, yet in England boys are frequently employed for this purpose. The English Secretary of State has recently given renewed notice that this practice is a criminal one, punishable by fine or by imprisonment with or without hard labor.

A respectable woman recently presented herself at a station-house in Brooklyn and stated that she desired to consult the sergeant about her husband, who had been acting very strangely. She represented him to be naturally a kind, good man, but that lately he had fallen into dissipated courses. That morning he went to his wife with a knife in his hand, and said,

"My dear, I think I will kill you."

"What for?" inquired the startled wife.

"Well, you have been so good and kind to me that I want you with me after I die."

The terrified woman managed to persuade the maniac to postpone the execution of his intentions, but concluded something must be done about it.

Pears, when left to ripen upon the tree, are soft, but often destitute of fine flavor. It is recommended to gather them several days before they are to be eaten, and place them in the dark, taking care that they do not touch each other. Many persons put them between layers of dry flannel in a warm room. When they have become mellow and brightly colored they are delicious. Peaches are different; they are best when eaten ripe from the tree. Grapes are usually served on the table as a dinner dessert, but perhaps they are really relished most when eaten as a first course at breakfast; their cooling juice is then peculiarly grateful. Melons also are best at the morning meal. Plenty of good, ripe, fresh fruit is the most wholesome and agreeable food for the summer season.

The rising generation are looking forward to privileges—we mean the rising generation of women. A little girl of Lynn, Massachusetts, a promising scholar in the public school, was asked the other day whether she expected to go to Vassar College when she grew up—her aunt being a teacher there. "I suppose not," said the little maiden, very modestly; "mother thinks she shall prefer to have me go to some college nearer home, such as Harvard."

Genius often appears in unexpected places. A poor German miner living in the Pennsylvania coal region has recently completed a wonderful clock, which he has constructed with a common jackknife. He commenced it three years ago, working on it in intervals of time for two years, but for a year past has devoted all his time to it, scarcely stopping for eating and sleeping. This clock is evidently made in imitation of the celebrated Strasburg clock, of which the German artist had heard, but which he had never seen, nor had he any special knowledge of its construction, nor practical knowledge of mechanics of any kind. The clock is eight feet high and four feet broad. Its frame is of the Gothic style of architecture. It has sixteen sides, and is surmounted by a globe, on top of which is attached a small golden cross. On the front of the clock there are four dial-plates; one shows the day of the week, another the day of the month, another the minutes and fractions of a minute, and the other the hour of the day. These dials are carved in a most unique manner, having emblematic figures upon them and around them of almost every imaginable description. Above the dial plates is a semicircular gallery extending around about half the width of the frame-work of the clock. Immediately in front, in the centre of this semicircular gallery, is the carved wooden figure of our Saviour. There are also carved statues on pedestals at the corners of the clock. Twice a day a chime of bells begins to play, a small door opens, and small figures of the twelve apostles appear, and march along the circular gallery, and disappear through another door. Mr. Ketter, the constructor of this fine piece of workmanship, proposes to exhibit it in this country, and then take it to Germany with him.

A Japanese pillow is not particularly soft for a weary head. It consists merely of "a piece of wood six inches long and high, and one wide, rounded at the bottom like the rockers of a cradle." In a groove in the top is a small bag filled with rice chaff, described as about "the size of a sausage." The pillow-case is white paper. To preserve one's equilibrium on such a pillow is an operation requiring special skill.

Marriage among the Austrians is a purely business transaction. The parents select a husband for their daughter, a dower is agreed upon, and a similar amount of money must be pledged by the parents of the bridegroom elect. Sometimes the young lady is allowed to see the gentleman selected for her life-partner before the agreement is closed, but generally she must accept the choice of her parents. Love may come afterward, but is by no means a certain result. The following story is told of an Austrian couple, who happened to find happiness. The lady had never seen her husband before she was engaged to him, and was married six weeks after they first met. She was educated at Paris, at a boarding-school, where she had been for seven years without seeing her parents. When she had nearly finished her education, and was preparing to start for home, her mother sent her the names of seven gentlemen who had proposed for her hand, with their photographs. She duly examined them, and finally selected the last on the list, her present husband. On her return she met him, and learned to love him during the six weeks that intervened before the marriage. She had never any cause to regret her choice.

Mothers can not be too careful about committing their children to the care of nurses who have not proved themselves worthy of confidence in some reliable situation. Some weeks ago a lady living in Columbus, Ohio, made arrangements to send a delicate infant into the country for a few weeks in charge of a nurse, in the hope that its health might be improved. The treacherous nurse collected all her own clothing, stole four hundred dollars from her employers, and then, instead of going to the place appointed, went to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and abandoned the child in the Union Dépôt of that city. For a long time the parents were in agony concerning their child, being utterly unable to find any trace of it. At length, by means of some item in a Pittsburg paper, the child was discovered, and it was finally restored to its natural protectors.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A careful bridegroom in Cleveland kept the wedding-ring in his mouth during the forepart of the ceremony, so that he could find it when the proper moment arrived. He mumbled along all right until the minister winked, as a hint to produce the ring, when in his nervousness he swallowed it, and there being no stomach-pump on hand, he was stood on his head by three groomsmen to recover the "golden pledge."

An old lady, recently visiting a prison, asked one of the attendants why the prisoners received such coarse food. He told her it was to keep their blood from becoming impure; and when asked what they would do if their blood was impure, he dryly responded, "Break out!"

Pen-makers are a bad lot. They make people steel pens, and then say they do write.

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young woman at Boston, last week, to a salesman with whom she was talking about buying a sewing-machine. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh no; I'm not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The salesman looked puzzled. "I'm engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

When they are short of mammoth fans at a New York evening party they pass around the window awnings.

An ingenious clock-maker is advertising alarm-clocks with the recommendation, "The alarm is silent when required." That man understands human nature. We most require an alarm to be silent when it "wakes us too soon." The inventor of this silent alarm keeps a big watch-dog warranted not to bark at strangers.

Why is a lover's heart like a whale?—Because it is a secreter (sea creatur') of great sighs.

A Good Side Show—A pretty cheek.

Near Rochester there is an eccentric old fellow who lives alongside a grave-yard. He was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never j'ined places in all my life with a set of neighbors that minded their own business so stiddy as they do."

They have a judge in Kansas who fined a lawyer for saying "sic transit." The official thought it was swearing, and remarked indignantly, that nobody should "sick" him in that court.

Can a son be said to take after his father when the father leaves nothing to take?

A Western editor insists that he wrote the word "trousseau" plain as a pikestaff in connection with certain bridal presents. The printer, however, vulgarly put "trowsers."

What word is always pronounced wrong?—Wrong.

An unstamped letter, dropped in the Springfield post-office, was recently forwarded, as usual, by the Young Men's Christian Association, and reached its destination. On being opened it was found to contain the following: "Send me another barrel of that gin."

The total absence of boot-jacks, pomatum pots, and other household missiles in the remains of Swiss lacustrine villages leads Dr. Hartman, the distinguished ethnologist, to the conclusion that the domestic cat was unknown to prehistoric man.

Impecunious Animals—Those who haven't a scent.

Corpulent old Lady. "I should like a ticket for the train."

Booking Clerk (*who thinks he will make a joke*). "Yes'm. Will you go in the passenger train or in the cattle train?"

Lady. "Well, if you are a specimen of what I shall experience in the passenger train, give me a ticket for the cattle train, by all means."

A woman who tells fortunes from a tea-cup is a sauceress.

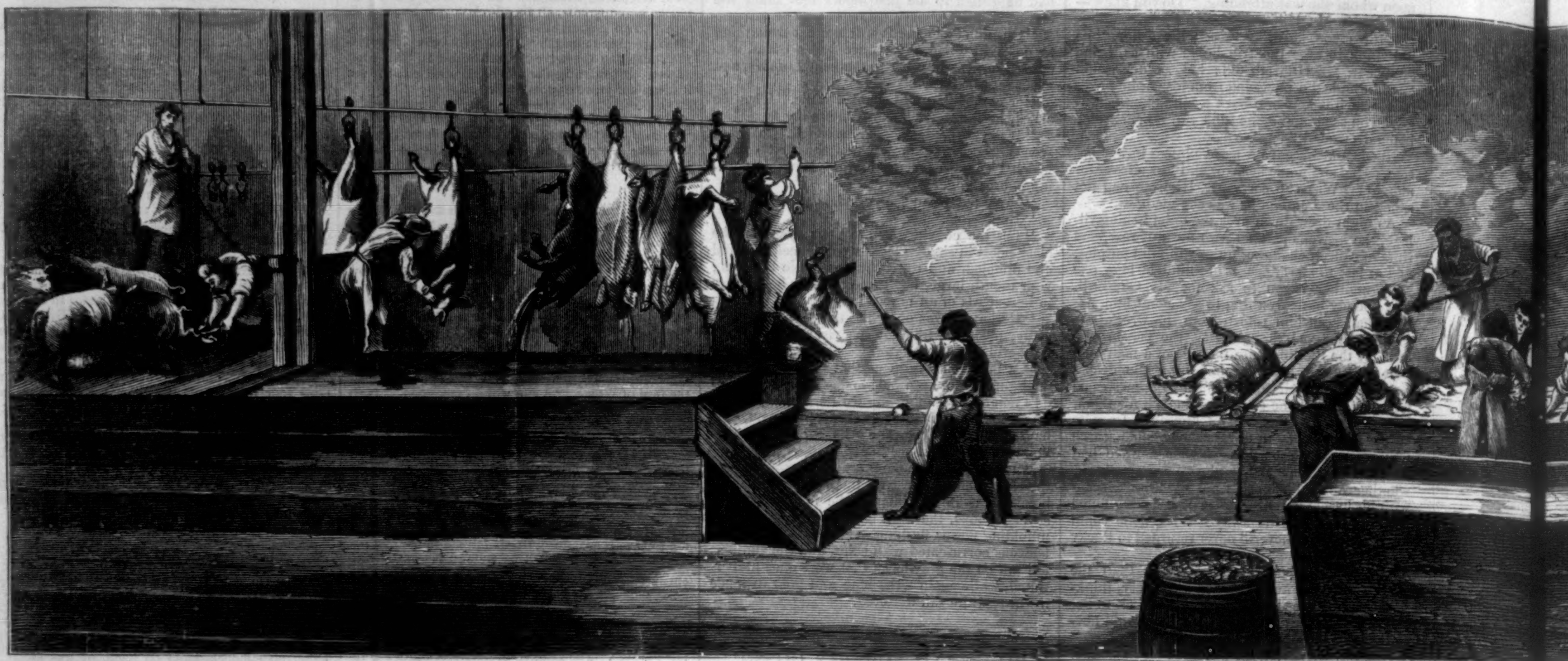
Why is a man who makes additions to a false rumor like one who has confidence in all that is told him?—Because he re-lies on all that he hears.

Best Size for a Man—Exercise.

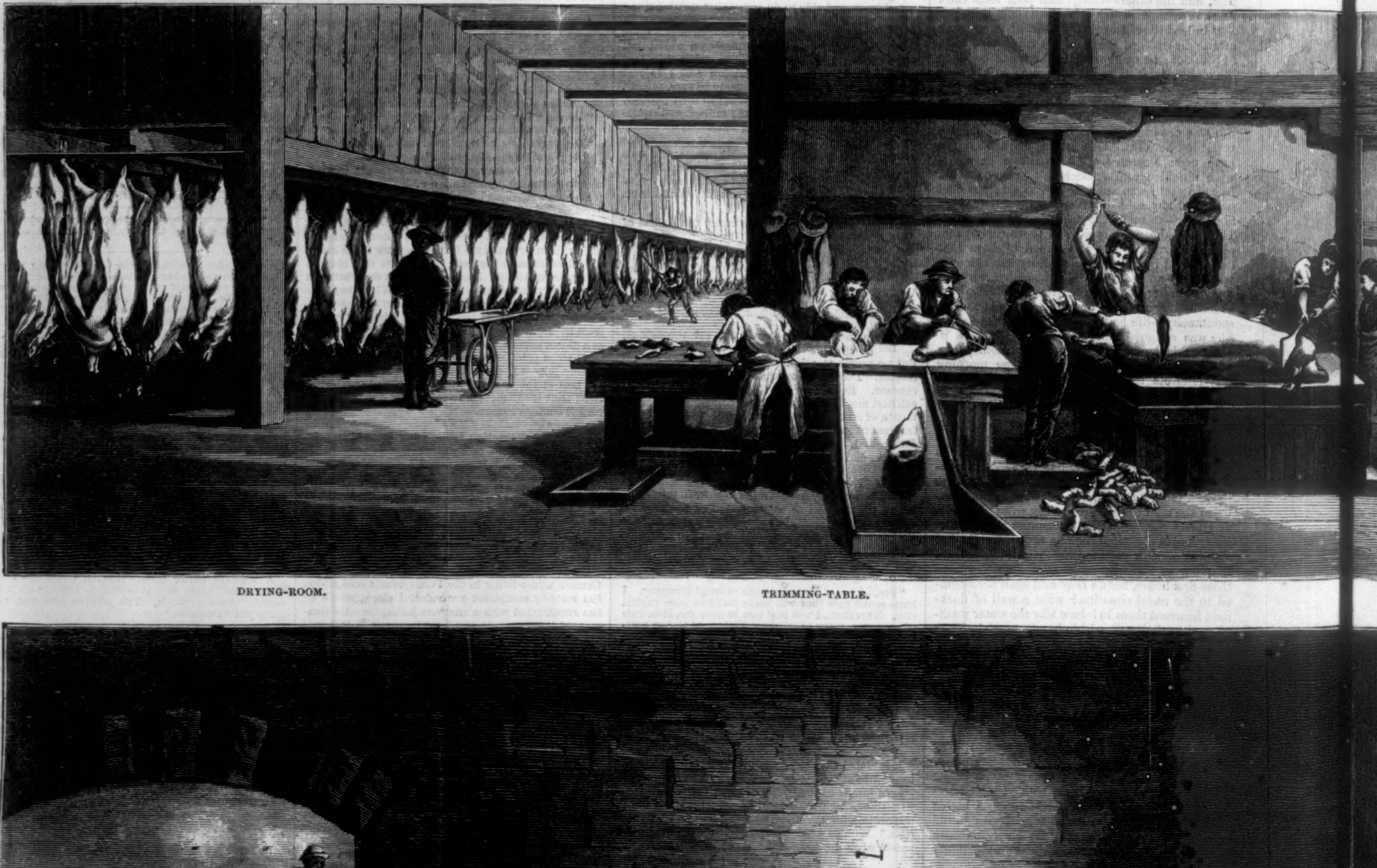
A farmer's daughter out West received a hairy poodle-dog from a friend in New York. The unsophisticated damsel wrote back, thanking her friend for the present, and saying that she found it very handy, when tied to a stick, to clean windows with.

People who are always wanting something new should try neuralgia.

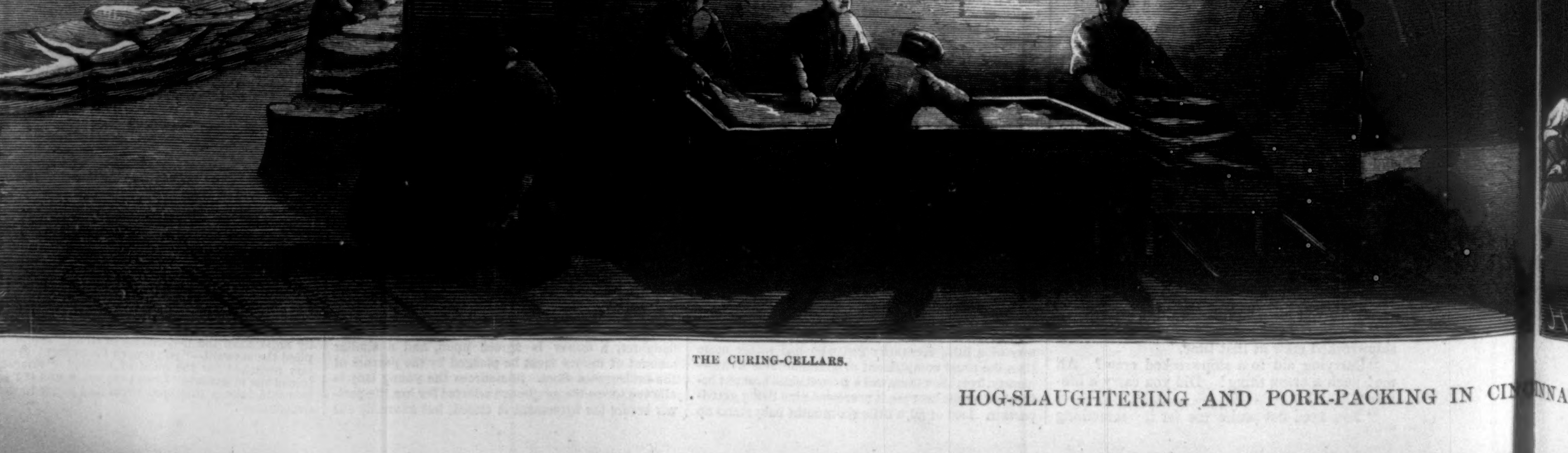
A Methodist minister, who lived on a small salary, was unable at one time to get his quarterly installment. He had called a number of times, but each time he had been put off with none. At last he went to his steward and told him he must have his money, for his family must have the necessaries of life. "Money!" replied the steward—"you preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls!" "Souls!" rejoined the minister—"I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand souls like yours to make a decent meal."



CLUTCHING. SLAUGHTERING AND BLEEDING. SCALDING-VAT. PICKING.

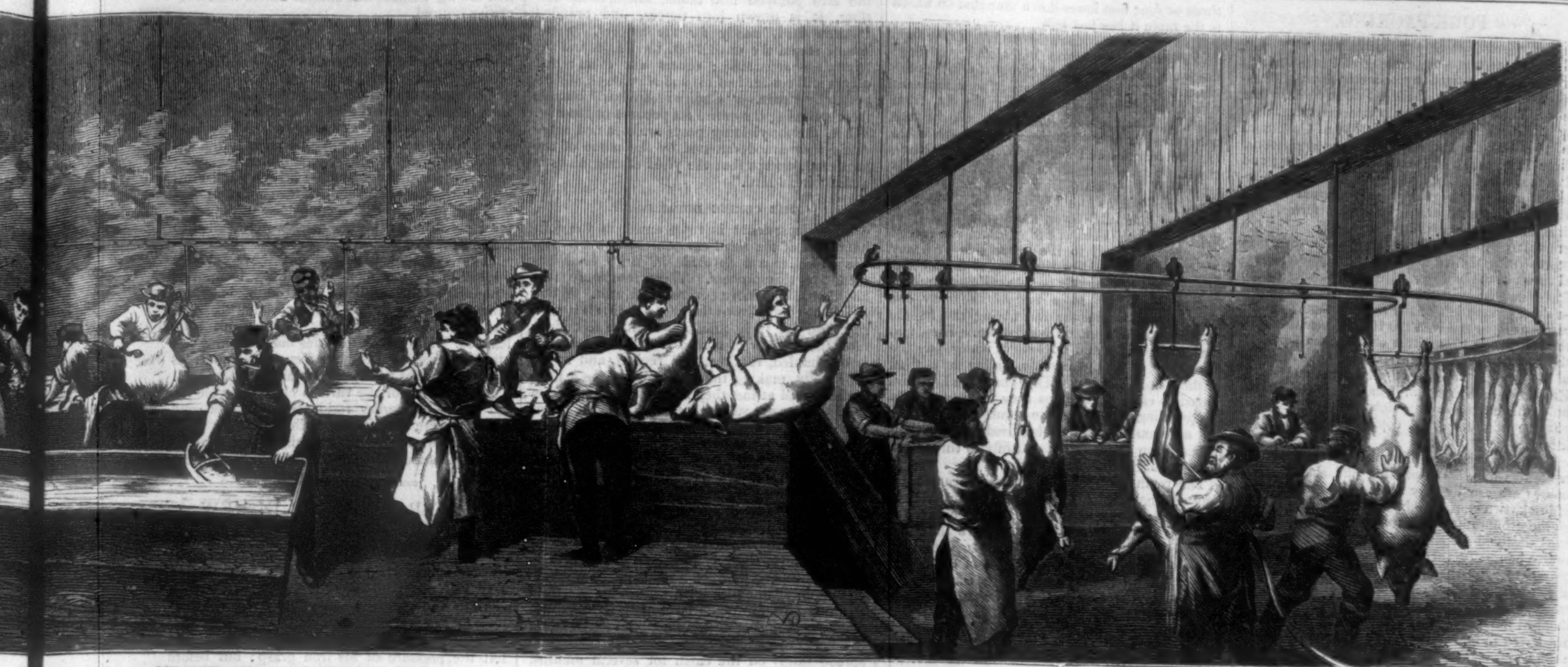


DRYING-ROOM. TRIMMING-TABLE.

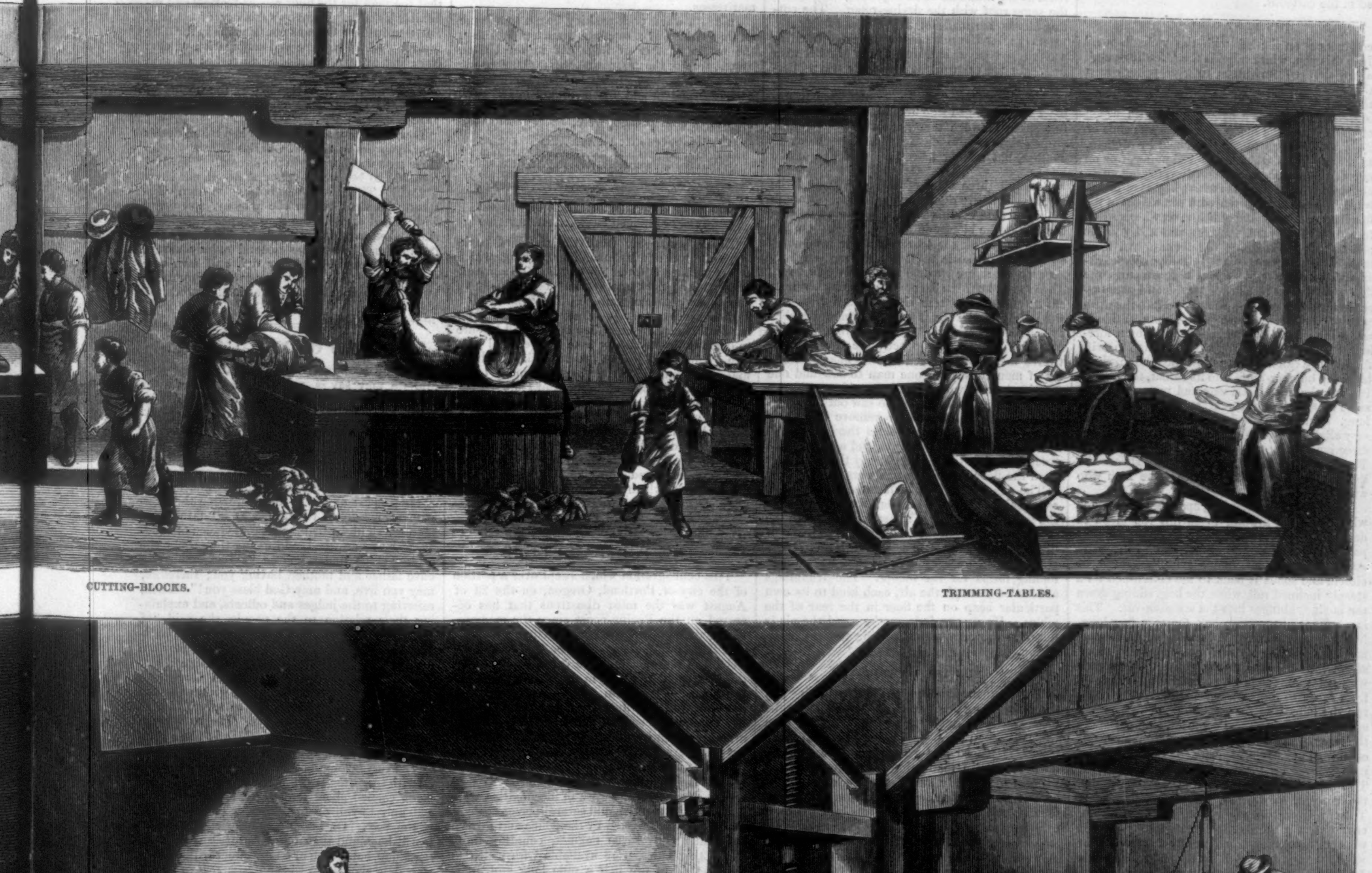


THE CURING-CELLARS.

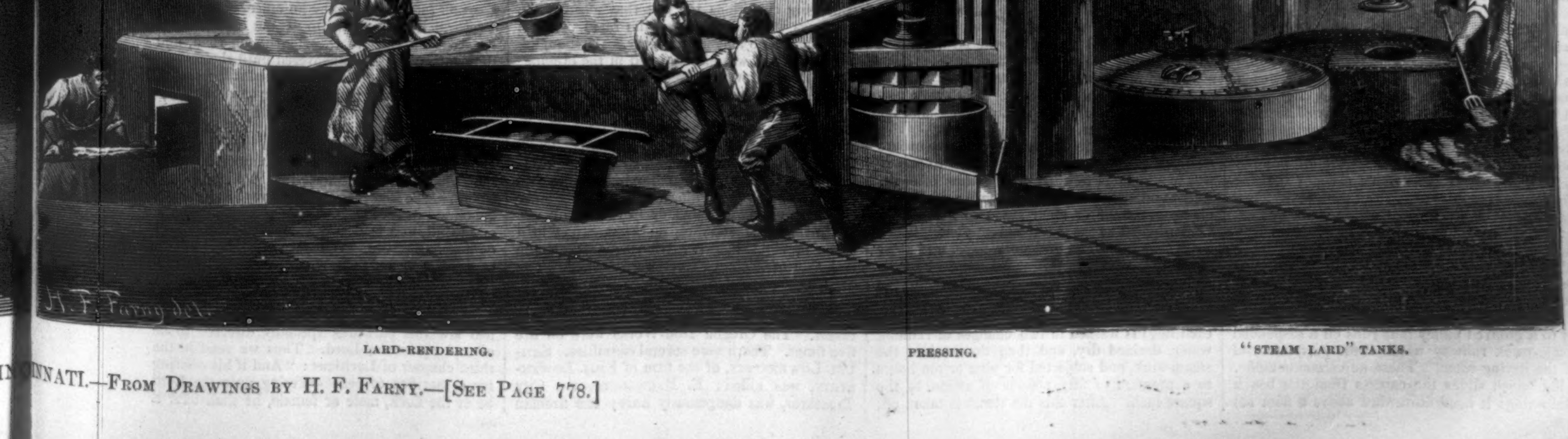
HOG-SLAUGHTERING AND PORK-PACKING IN CIN



SCRAPING AND SHAVING. THE GAMBRELS. DISEMBOWELING AND WASHING.



CUTTING-BLOCKS. TRIMMING-TABLES.



LARD-RENDERING. PRESSING. "STEAM LARD" TANKS.

...INNATI.—From Drawings by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 778.]

PORK-PACKING.

THE engravings on our double page this week illustrate the hog-slaughtering and hog-packing process, as practiced by the best-appointed establishments in the United States. They are reduced copies of charcoal cartoons contributed by the Pork-Packers' Association of Cincinnati to the Vienna Exposition. These cartoons, three in number, are each thirty feet long and five feet wide. They were prepared by a competent artist with great care. Actual studies were made, and even the faces, forms, and dresses of the men are from life. But the greatest care was bestowed upon the drawings representing the work done. It required several careful studies to prepare the drawing of the frightened hogs in the slaughter pen, as shown in the extreme left of the first cartoon. These cartoons have received the highest medal within the gift of the Committee on the Commerce of the World. We use for our cuts photographs of the originals, by special permission of Messrs. EHRGOTT & KREBS, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who hold the exclusive copyright of them for the purpose of multiplying copies by the chromo-lithographic process.

The cuts represent the work consecutively, or panorama-like. The packing and slaughtering houses are usually very large, strong structures of brick, two stories high. In the rear of them, on the ground, are numerous pens, in which the hogs destined for slaughter are allowed to rest twelve hours after arrival to cool. They are required to raise themselves to the second story of the building by the use of their own muscular power. An inclined gangway, battened to aid them in the ascent, is provided, and up this they are driven in lots of from fifty to two hundred at a time, and inclosed in what is called the "feeding-pen," under roof, in the second story of the slaughter-house. These pens are not represented in the cartoons.

THE FIRST CARTOON

commences on the left with the "clutch-pen." Into this pen, which adjoins the "feeding-pen," a boy drives from fifteen to twenty hogs at a time. In the cut the sliding-door of the pen is thrown open to give a view of the mode of clutching. The clutch is a pair of tongs with which the hind-leg of the hog is clasped. The ends of the arms of these tongs are joined by a chain, to the middle of which a grooved pulley, free on one side, is attached. This pulley, resting on an aerial iron rail, suspends the live hog head downward (the clutches tighten with the weight of the hog like ice-tongs), and puts him on wheels ready to be moved forward. A man and a boy in the pen do this work, lifting the clutch-wheel upon the railway by means of a rope and pulley. After making up a train of half a dozen hogs the sliding-door of the pen is opened and the suspended animals are pushed forward into the presence of the executioner. This man of blood seizes the animal with his left hand by a fore-leg, steadies it, and deftly, with a plunge so swift that the eye can scarcely follow the motion, sinks his sharp butcher-knife into its throat, then slides it along the rail a little way and proceeds in the same manner with the next, and the next, all day long. This work requires skill and courage. A very slight deviation of the knife from the right direction will spoil a shoulder by pricking it. The animal, by plunging, sometimes strikes the knife with his fore-foot and cuts the man who wields it.

The floor of the bleeding apartment is covered with a wooden grating to permit the blood to descend into the sewer. This is about the only part of the hog that is allowed to go to waste. After the bleeding is over a man disengages the clutch, and sends it back to the clutch-pen on a steeply inclined rail, while the hog, sliding down the incline, plunges into the scalding-vat. This is a water-tight wooden box fourteen feet long, five feet wide, and three feet deep. The water it contains is heated by a continuous current of steam introduced near the bottom. Two men with poles stir the hogs, and when it is full keep from seven to ten of them floating. They also rub the hair from the ears and the feet of the animal with their hands, while a third man works the lever of the iron cradle, which lifts the scalded animal out of the opposite end of the vat, and rolls it over on the adjoining cleaning-bench. This bench is a long inclined plane, down which the carcass, as desired, slides or rolls easily. The two (sometimes four) men next the vat are employés of a hair-curling establishment, which pays so much per hog (usually ten cents) for what hair and bristles these men can pull in the brief time the animal is permitted to remain before them. Next come the scrapers, four in number, in sets of two. Their implement is a steel scraper resembling a very small short-handled hoe. The first set scrape one side of the animal, then roll it over to the next set, who scrape the other side. These pass it on to the shavers, of whom there are three pairs, each man provided with a sharp steel butcher-knife. Under their treatment the cleaning of the hair from the hog is completed. All along the bench hose suspended at intervals send streams of cold water down to facilitate the cleaning process. Two men, called gambrelers, prepare the hog for the next process. A stout round stick, two and a half feet long, with a crease in the middle, and the ends turned slightly smaller with shoulders, is called the gambrel. The tendons of the hind-legs of the hog, exposed by a slit from the knife, are slipped over the ends of the gambrel, and the crease in its middle part is placed upon a hook, which exactly fits it, and which is attached to a grooved pulley that runs on a suspended single-track railway which leads past one end of the drying-room. These adjustments made, a light push slides the carcass from the bench and swings it head downward above a floor set three or four feet lower down than that on which is the table it has just left.

The next work is disemboweling. Three men do this work; one splits the animal, the next takes out the entrails, and the third removes the viscera. The entrails are passed to a table, at which stand five men removing the fat from them. A boy usually takes the viscera and trims the hearts and livers, and prepares them for the market, and sends the refuse down a chute. Next, the inside of the carcass is washed by the hose man, after which it is rolled along the rail to the drying-room. Here, by means of a movable lever, the hog is lifted from the rail, and the ends of the gambrel are placed on trams attached to the lower side of heavy joists, which extend at right angles to the single railway. Along this double railway it moves easily by sliding. It is pushed along by one man with an apparatus resembling the handle and head of a common hand rake. Here two men, with knives and buckets of water, pay the last respects to the carcass, giving it a final washing and scraping. This done, the hogs are placed as close together as they will hang without touching. A room one hundred feet square will accommodate fifteen hundred hogs, weighing net from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds each.

The room represented in the first cartoon is long and narrow, usually admitting direct light on each side from high windows. It enters the main building just at the point where the gambrelers suspend the hog. The process least interesting to the eye falls to the lot of the five or six men who strip the fat from the entrails. The neatest place is the drying-room. Its floor is usually covered with sawdust, and the carcasses have a clean and bloodless appearance.

THE SECOND CARTOON

represents the cutting process. The cutting-room is an immense area adjoining and under the same roof with the drying-room. The cutting-blocks are made of strips of scantling, set together after the manner of blocks of wood in a NICOLSON pavement, and firmly banded with iron. In the cartoon the artist has taken liberties which were indispensable for the proper exhibition of this process. In practice the cutting-blocks are arranged side by side, with about three feet space between them, and two cleaver men are employed, who change from one block to another, but neither leaves his own end of the blocks.

Forming three sides of a square around the cutting-blocks are the trimming-tables. Through the open side of this square the carcasses are brought to the blocks on an iron truck. On the way to the block the truck stops for a moment on a platform scale to have the hog weighed. At each block are two men, who never leave it. These men hold the hog while the cleaver men cut it. They also tear the leaf lard from the sides, and pass the pieces to the trimming-benches as fast as they are cut. At the trimming-tables, of which there are two sets, are from ten to twelve men, five or six for each block. Each set of men consists of one man to saw and one to trim hams, two to bone the sides and trim and bone the shoulders, one to saw out the backbone, and sometimes one to remove the pieces as they are trimmed. Besides these, a boy at each block removes the heads, and a man with a truck from time to time takes away the trimmings from the floor behind the trimmers' tables.

The dexterity with which these men work is astonishing. Two blows from the cleaver sever the head, and the hams are stricken off with the same number of strokes. The ham and shoulder trimmers wield their knives with a briskness only equaled by that of girls in a book house folding forms for the binder. The trimmings are hurled through the air, each kind to its own particular heap on the floor in the rear of the tables. Every one is in motion, and the air is full of scraps of trimmings flying to their destination.

THE THIRD CARTOON.

This cartoon represents the lard-rendering and the pork-salting processes. On the right are the open kettles placed over a furnace heated by a wood fire. In these the leaf fat, cut into small pieces, is placed and rendered. The process, during which a man stirs the contents of the kettles continuously, requires three hours. The lard is then dipped, cracklings and all, into a double-cylinder iron screw press. The inner cylinder has its sides thickly perforated with small holes, and itself nearly fills the outer one. A wooden piston fitted to the inner cylinder is driven down upon its contents by a powerful screw. The lard as it runs from the press is pumped into large iron coolers and allowed to settle, after which it is drawn off into wooden tierces of about three hundred pounds capacity each, and branded "choice kettle lard," and is now ready for the market. The cake of lean meat and fibre in the cylinder, called "crackling," becomes food for hogs or poultry, or material for the manufacture of artificial guano for fertilizing purposes.

A little further to the right in the cartoon are seen the tops of two great iron tanks, into one of which a man is forking some scraps of meat. These tanks are sixteen feet high by six feet in diameter. Four of them are used in such an establishment as the cartoons represent. Their bases rest upon the first-story floor, and their tops rise a couple of feet above the floor of the second story at a point conveniently near to the men who clean the entrails. The fat obtained by these men (it averages about seven pounds to each hog) is washed in two changes of running water, drained dry, and then thrown into the steam-tank, and subjected for nine or ten hours to a pressure of fifty pounds of steam to the square inch. After this the steam is taken off, the lard pumped into tanks, where, after settling, it is drawn into tierces, and branded "steam lard," ready for the market. Some houses steam the entrail fat, the heads, and the trimmings separately; others mix them; and others still render leaf fat and all other kinds together by steam. "Choice steam lard" is made from steaming the entire fat product of the hog. When the fat-yielding parts are steamed separately they are designated by the name of the part used, except that the yield of trimmings is called "head lard."

THE CURING DEPARTMENT.

This department is represented in the left-hand half of the third cartoon. Often two stories of cellar are devoted, in large establishments, to this process. These rooms are cold and damp, the floors covered with salt. When the meat comes down the chute men rub it with salt, and lay it in piles about three feet high, after the manner of masonry. In a few days it is overhauled, resalted, and repiled, and so on repeatedly, making the stacks each time a little higher, until at last they reach the height of ten feet. Hams are sugar cured by first lying twenty-four hours treated to a small amount of saltpetre, after which they are put in a mixture of brine and molasses, which is renewed in ten days.

The styles in which this meat is put up it would require much space to describe. The mode is adapted to the market for which it is destined. English meats are salted and put up in boxes of about four hundred pounds each. Then there is scarcely any end of the uses to which the pork product is applied. From the cracklings soap and a fertilizer are made; from steamed lard are made lard-oil, glycerine, and stearine, the latter forming material for candles; the hoofs are used by glue-makers; the hair is spread thinly on the earth for several months, then gathered up, washed, combed, and twisted into ropes, thus forming the curled hair used in mattresses.

In 1850, when pork-packing began to assume an importance as a separate branch of business, the whole number of hogs cut in the United States, west of the mountains, was 500,000 head; in the year ending March 1, 1873, these States packed over five and a half million hogs. The seven principal packing points for this year, and number of hogs packed, were,

Cincinnati, Ohio	626,305
Chicago, Illinois	1,425,079
St. Louis, Missouri	538,000
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	303,500
Louisville, Kentucky	302,246
Indianapolis, Indiana	196,317
Kansas City, Missouri	180,922
Total of seven cities	3,572,369

These figures are from the standard packing, and do not include summer packing, which would perhaps add ten per cent. to the amount. Hitherto the pork market has been chiefly in this country and in Europe. Now the eyes of dealers are expectantly turned westward, looking for a demand which they believe will be sure to come at no far-off day from the Celestial Empire. Chinamen learn to relish pork in California, and going home they bear testimony of its qualities to the teeming millions of China.

The entire process of slaughtering, cutting, curing, and packing in an establishment killing fifteen hundred average hogs daily requires about one hundred and fifty hands. Thus one man prepares ten hogs, or about one and a half tons of pork, lard, and the like, for market each working-day, which will be about one thousand hogs to each hand during the season.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

THE conflagration which swept over a portion of the city of Portland, Oregon, on the 2d of August was the most disastrous that has occurred on the Pacific coast since the memorable Sacramento fire of nearly twenty years ago. The flames were discovered at a little after four o'clock in the morning, in a furniture store near the Metropolitan Hotel, in the oldest quarter of the town. The alarm was promptly sounded, but the wind blowing strongly at the time, the fire was quickly spread, and before the engines arrived an entire block of buildings was destroyed. As fast as the fire was suppressed in one direction it broke out in another, and it ceased mainly from want of material to feed upon. New fires, the work of incendiaries, were constantly discovered, and several persons caught in the act were arrested by the police and thrown into jail. Only seven engines, counting those from other cities, were available with which to fight a field of fire half a mile long and quarter of a mile wide. Besides, the water supply fell far below the demand. Add to these discouraging conditions the fact that most of the buildings were of wood, and the rapid progress of the fire is no longer a mystery. After raging all day long, it was extinguished in the evening, but not before twenty-three squares of buildings had been laid in ashes. Nearly all of the city bounded by Yamhill Street on the north, Second Street on the west, Columbia Street on the south, and the river on the east, was in flames. There were two engine-houses, two sash factories, three foundries, five hotels, one hundred stores, two hundred and fifty dwellings, and probably other structures not enumerated, destroyed. Only one house remained standing on First Street in a space of eight blocks. Nine squares on the east side of Second Street were burned. The St. Charles Hotel (damaged to the extent of $10,000), the largest house in the city, and two stores were the only buildings saved on Front Street. The Oregon Iron-Works were on fire five times. There were several casualties. SAMUEL LOWENSTEIN, of the firm of EMIL LOWENSTEIN, was killed; E. BACKENSTO, the City Treasurer, was dangerously hurt; one fireman had his leg broken, and several others were otherwise injured.

Some of the incidents of the fire are especially noteworthy. During the burning of a large factory the proprietors offered $1000 for a stream of water from an engine for ten minutes. The buildings along the river front were pulled down, and the goods carried across the river. The Salem Fire Department's engines arrived by a train which made the run of fifty-one miles in the extraordinary time of sixty-nine minutes, including stoppages; and the steamboat bringing the Vancouver fire-engines made eighteen miles in seventy-five minutes. Two companies of the regular army from Fort Vancouver were detailed to guard property.

The Portland papers report the total loss $1,182,325, on which there were insurances amounting to $258,000. No doubt is entertained that the fire was of incendiary origin, but who the guilty parties are has not been learned. The city authorities made prompt and ample provision for the comfort of the hundreds of poor families whose homes had been burned. The basements of the various churches were fitted up as temporary residences, and food and clothing were supplied to all the sufferers. Our illustrations on page 780 furnish graphic views of the ruins from different points of observation.

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

"Do you see me?" These memorable words were spoken by General BUTLER to a yelling crowd of rebels in New Orleans soon after the capture and occupation of that city. The history of that occupation is full of exciting episodes. The mob soon found their master, and felt the pressure of his iron grasp; but before they learned to obey his slightest order with unfaltering alacrity they had to see for themselves that the man for the hour was as fearless and inflexible as fate. PARTON'S history of General BUTLER in New Orleans contains many thrilling incidents of the capture and subjugation of that city; but an eye-witness has furnished us with an account of a scene quite as interesting and characteristic as any recorded by the historian. It will be found illustrated in the cartoon on page 772.

It was the day after BUTLER had taken up his head-quarters at the St. Charles Hotel. A furious mob was howling in the streets. They had been led to believe the general dared not show himself. This report was brought to him. Instantly he went out on the balcony, and stood with folded arms in the most exposed position, and looked at the surging mob. There was an instant hush, when the general quietly asked, "Do you see me?" They did, and saw, too, that the reign of anarchy was over. From that hour there was quiet and order in the streets of New Orleans.

CUSTOMS OF MADAGASCAR.

THE form of government in Madagascar was, and we may say is, patriarchal. The unit, or simple element, is the family; and just as the father is the ruler of his children and dependents, so in a village the head-man, along with the elders or old men, exercised the duties of magistrates. The king, again, was the great father of his subjects; and to the present day the sovereign is addressed as the father and mother of the people; and he in turn, reversing the compliment, speaks of the people as his father and mother. Thus, when the present Queen of Madagascar was crowned, addressing the people, she said, "O ye under heaven here assembled! I have father and mother, having you; therefore, may you live, and may God bless you!" Then, referring to the judges and officers, and explaining their relation to the people, she said, "I have made them fathers of the people, and leaders to teach them wisdom." The Malagasy are firm believers in the doctrine of divine right. The sovereign is, in their eyes, in very truth God's vicegerent. Indeed, until within the few past years, it was customary to salute him as God, or God seen by the eye. The late Queen Rasoahery was the first who forbade these blasphemous appellations.

The very belongings of the sovereign are treated with respect. It is no uncommon thing, while being carried about the streets, for your bearers suddenly to run off to some side path to be out of the way. On looking for the cause of this, it will be found that a small procession is passing along, consisting of a forerunner with a spear, who duly shouts out to the passengers to "clear the way!" Behind are two or four men, it may be, carrying water-pots filled with water for royal use, and followed again by an officer armed with a spear. The summons to get out of the way is obeyed by a rush to the side of the road, and the passers-by stand uncovered until the procession has passed. This is to prevent the water, or whatever else it may be, being bewitched.

The queen, and some of the higher members of the royal family, who have principalities in distant parts of the country, in addition to a good many other feudal rights, are entitled to the rump of every bullock that is killed in the island. The actual rump is conveyed to officers appointed to receive it. This is a custom curious to all, and is deeply interesting to the student of antiquities. Why, the very name anatomists give this part is suggestive. It is called the *sacrum*, or sacred part, the part devoted to the gods in Greece and Rome. But tracing this up to a higher source, we find that in the Levitical law this part was specially directed to be offered up to the Lord. Thus we read in the third chapter of Leviticus: "And if his offering for a sacrifice of peace-offering unto the Lord be of the flock, male or female, he shall offer it

without blemish. If he offer a lamb for his offering, then shall he offer it before the Lord. And he shall lay his hand upon the head of his offering, and kill it before the tabernacle of the congregation: and Aaron's sons shall sprinkle the blood thereof round about upon the altar. And he shall offer of the sacrifice of the peace-offering, an offering made by fire unto the Lord; the fat thereof, and the whole rump, it shall he take off hard by the backbone; and the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is upon the inwards......And the priest shall burn it upon the altar: it is the food of the offering made by fire unto the Lord" (ver. 6–11). We may just mention also that the same part of the fowl is usually given by children or servants to their father or superiors.

When the queen goes abroad she is attended by above a thousand soldiers, and a great number of camp attendants. She is carried in a palanquin, as the roads are too bad to allow carriages to be employed. When a carriage which had been presented to Radama I. was carried up to the capital, he seated himself in it; and instead of being drawn in it by his faithful subjects, they lifted it, wheels and all, and he had the satisfaction of enjoying a carriage drive after a fashion altogether novel. The palanquin is preceded by attendants dancing, shouting, and singing, with music.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The debate in the French Assembly, just before its final adjournment, on the building of a church on Montmartre in memory of the Arch-Bishop of Paris shows very clearly the change which the French mind has undergone since the late war. To legalize the taking of the ground for a site it was necessary to declare the measure one of "public utility." It was also proposed to specify in the bill that the church would "be dedicated to the devotion of the Sacred Heart." This proposal was, however, withdrawn. A member of the Extreme Right moved that the Assembly should appoint a deputation to represent it at the laying of the corner-stone of the church. "The dedication of the church to the devotion of the Sacred Heart," he said, "was an act with which they ought to associate themselves officially." This amendment secured 262 votes, to 103 against it, and would have been carried but for the failure of the whole vote to reach the number required (370) to adopt a measure.

In the course of the debate M. Tolain, one of the Left of the Assembly, made a keen retort. Charged with being the spokesman of the "International," he replied that he *was* speaking for the "Red" International, but only in reply to the "Black."

Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Ely, will be translated to the see of Winchester, made vacant by the death of Bishop Wilberforce. Dr. Woodford, the Bishop of Ely's examining chaplain, will succeed the latter in that see. The London *Guardian* reports Dr. Woodford as "a Cambridge man of good degree, a popular preacher, and a High-Churchman."

The Rev. G. F. Pentecost, formerly of Brooklyn, but now pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, has adopted a very excellent way of making strangers welcome to seats in his edifice. A circular is placed in the hands of every stranger who attends, on which is the following:

"Our house of worship is large, affording sittings for 1400 people, and we offer you, in the name of our Heavenly Father, whose it is and whose we are, its fullest and freest hospitalities. Attentive ushers will meet you at the door and provide you with the best seat in the house not occupied at the time of your coming, so that in no case need you feel any embarrassment or hesitation on account of being a stranger. We bid you welcome in God's name."

In the vestibule of the church is a little box, in which such persons desiring pastoral visitation are requested to place their address.

The Pope's Vicar-General, Patrizi, has invited the Romans to attend the solemn commemoration of St. Peter's deliverance from prison, *in order to appease the wrath of God, excited by the progress of Protestantism in Rome.* The text of the invitation is too long for reproduction in this "Intelligence," but the opening passage deserves to be recorded:

"Since the day when an armed force occupied Rome, and the Visible Head of the Church was constrained to remain a prisoner in the Vatican, mercenary apostates and ministers of the reform came here from every part with the intention of overthrowing Catholicism in its very seat, to corrupt this metropolis with impious doctrines, and to make her a disciple of error instead of a mistress of truth. Profiting by that liberty which, to the shame and detriment of the Catholic religion, is granted to all sects, they first began secretly to spread falsified Bibles, and then openly to invite principally young people and idiots to public conferences, which are now so multiplied and are held with so much external appearance as to excite grievous scandal among the people, and to put them in danger of being subverted."

The Pope says very plainly that if he could he would drive all the Protestant evangelists out of the city. Fortunately he can not illustrate in practice his ideas of religious liberty.

Ecclesiastical appeals will hereafter in England be tried before the new Supreme Court of Appeal, and not as formerly by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This court is wholly composed of lay judges; bishops, to be selected under certain rules, may sit as assessors, but without a vote. Heretofore bishops, as members of the Privy Council, have participated in the trial of ecclesiastical cases. The change is an important one.

The discussion of the decline of Methodism in the city of New York has led to the preparation of valuable tables of comparative statistics by the Rev. C. C. Goss. In the year 1870 the number of Presbyterian communicants in the city of New York was 15,842; of Episcopalians, 11,209; of Baptists, 11,203; and of Methodists, 10,261. In twenty-five cities and towns near New York, including, among others, Brooklyn, Newark, New Brunswick, and Jersey City, the Methodists have 24,144 members, the Presbyterians 23,825, the Episcopalians 17,043, and the Baptists 15,682. In nine counties adjoining New York—viz., Richmond, Westchester, Kings, Queens, Suffolk, Hudson, Union, Essex, and Bergen—the total number of Methodist Church members is 32,520; of Presbyterians, 29,883; of Episcopalians, 21,060; of Baptists, 16,920. It is evident from these figures that these four denominations are, in the vicinity of New York, in close competition with each other.

The rumor of a papal encyclical most probably grew out of the expectation of an address by the Pope to the Consistory, which was held on July 25. He delivered on this occasion an allocution, in which he excommunicated all persons who have participated in the suppression of the religious houses in Rome. The law authorizing the suppression is declared to be null and void, and "all its enactors, abettors, consultors, adherents, and executors, and also the purchasers of ecclesiastical property," are declared to "lie under the sentence of the Major Excommunication, and to incur the severest vengeance of Almighty God, and to be in open peril of eternal damnation."

The Italian ministry, thus roundly cursed, has lately done the Pope quite a serviceable kindness. The accumulations of Peter-pence, amounting to 25,000,000 of lire, were about to be placed by Pius in the keeping of some Roman banks of issue. The ministry advised him that the banks were worthless, and the money has since been securely invested in foreign stocks.

A new schism has occurred in the Catholic Church of Prussia. A number of Silesian Catholics have presented an address to the Emperor protesting against episcopal dictation, and declaring their adhesion to the supremacy of the law of the state. The ultramontanes have nicknamed them "State Catholics." The persecution raging against the signers of the address is very bitter.

The growth of the German religious press of the United States speaks well for the zeal of our fellow-citizens of that nationality. According to the *Kirchenfreund* of August 6, the Lutheran Church has sixteen German periodicals, three of which are weeklies. Of these the *Zeitschrift*, a weekly, has 3000 subscribers. The German Methodists have three periodicals, of which the *Christliche Apologete*, weekly, has 14,500 circulation. The Albrights, who are also Methodists, have the *Christliche Botschafter*, with 19,000 circulation, and two other periodicals. The German Reformed Church has five periodicals in the German language. Eight additional periodicals are issued by other churches. The American Tract Society issues the *Americanisher Botschafter*, with a circulation of 50,000, and the *Volksfreund*, with 6000 circulation. This makes thirty-eight religious periodicals in the German language reported as issued in the United States.

There are about one hundred Protestant churches in Italy. Very few, if any of them, are entirely self-supporting; the majority of them are sustained by Protestant societies in other countries. Signor Gavazzi's church at Rome is in the Via Corallo, and will seat from 150 to 175 persons. It is well attended by a devout congregation. The largest of the free Protestant churches is that of Milan, which numbers some 400 members. The worshipers are mostly of the poorer classes of society. The Wesleyan Methodists of England have a very flourishing mission in the city of Rome, under the care of the Rev. Joseph H. Piggott.

Before its adjournment, July 23, the Upper House of Convocation had placed before it its committee's report on confession. The design of the report is to embody the teaching of the Church of England on this subject. The essential statements are these:

"In the matter of confession the Church of England holds fast those principles which are set forth in Holy Scripture, which were professed by the primitive Church, and which were reaffirmed at the English Reformation.

"The Church of England, in the 25th Article, affirms that penance is not to be counted for a sacrament of the Gospel; and, as judged by her formularies, knows no such words as 'sacramental confessions.'

"Grounding her doctrine on Holy Scripture, she distinctly declares the full and entire forgiveness of sins, through the Blood of Jesus Christ, to those who bewail their own sinfulness, confess themselves to Almighty God, with full purpose of amendment of life, and turn with true faith unto Him. It is the desire of the Church that by this way and means all her children should find peace. In this spirit the forms of confession and absolution are set forth in her public services. Yet, for the relief of troubled consciences, she has made special provision in two exceptional cases.

"1. In the case of those who can not quiet their own consciences previous to receiving the Holy Communion, but require further comfort or counsel, the minister is directed to say, 'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, and open his grief, that by the ministry of God's Holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice.' Nevertheless, it is to be noted that for such a case no form of absolution has been prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer; and further, that the rubric in the First Prayer-Book of 1549 which sanctions a particular form of absolution has been withdrawn from all subsequent editions of the said book.

"2. In the Order for the Visitation of the Sick it is directed that the sick man be moved to make a special confession of his sins if he feels his conscience troubled with any weighty matter; but in such case absolution is only to be given when the sick man shall humbly and heartily desire it. The special provision, however, does not authorize the ministers of the Church to require from any who may repair to them to open their grief in a particular or detailed examination of all their sins, or to require private confession as a condition previous to receiving the Holy Communion, or to enjoin or even encourage any practice of habitual confession to a priest, or to teach that such practice or habitual confession, or the being subject to what has been termed the direction of a priest, is a condition of attaining to the highest spiritual life."

The motion of Mr. Thomas Hughes in the British Parliament for a royal commission to inquire into the revenues of the Church of England has called attention to the great scandal of the sale of livings. Mr. Leatham stated in the House of Commons that "there were in the aggregate 13,276 livings in the country. Of those 21 were in the hands of the parishioners, 580 in those of trustees, a large number in the gift of the crown, deans, chapters, and others, and about 7000 were in those of individuals, amounting in value to £2,000,000. The advertisements themselves were a study. 'Good society' was advertised as an inducement in 107 cases, and in one it was 'good society and no squire.' In another advertisement, fishing, shooting, hunting, and three rookeries [laughter] were held out as inducements to a purchaser. In another, 'good society; duty only every other Sunday; the incumbent eighty years of age, and ailing.' [Laughter.] In another, 'a capital living, and no schools.' [Laughter.] In another, 'great inducements, a fine vicarage, population one hundred, and little to do.' An advertisement from a reverend aspirant for a good living, describing his spiritual inclinations, says, 'High-Church, but Evangelical will do for the present.' [Laughter.] He could reveal the names of those gentlemen, but refrained."

The best men in the Church have often protested against this abuse, but no remedy has as yet been found.

Several daily papers have reported quite a scandal as having broken out among the camp-meeting people near the city. A Mrs. Langdon charges the managers of the Sea Cliff Association with sharp practice in exchange of land made with her. From the counter-statements of the association, which appear in the *Tribune* and *World*, it would appear that the whole affair is a misunderstanding, which sensible people would settle by a friendly arbitration.

The *British American Presbyterian* publishes the statistics of the Canada Presbyterian Church for 1872–73. There are in the Dominion 19 Presbyteries, 633 regular charges, and 51,397 communicants. The total of all contributions during the year for congregational and benevolent purposes was $550,901. The average payment of each member for all Church objects was $10 97.

One hundred and forty adult Indians were baptized recently at the St. Paul's Episcopal Mission, British Columbia. Most of these Indians had been for five or six years under the catechetical instruction of the Rev. Mr. Good, their missionary.

The great camp at Martha's Vineyard has this season been more largely attended than ever. The number of persons on the island has been estimated at from eight to twelve thousand. This was prior to the great meeting week, which was to begin August 26. A horse-railroad now conveys visitors from the dock at Vineyard Haven to the grounds. Among the festivities indulged in recently was an illumination of one of the principal avenues and an evening concert. The cottages were decorated with transparencies bearing such mottoes as "The Vineyard is our resting-place," "Heaven is our home," "Sing songs and be glad as you go." A quartette club and two bands furnished the music. During the evening Governor Howard, of Rhode Island, was introduced, and spoke with great enthusiasm of the beauty of the place.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the various public gardens and museums in the United States, that of R. B. Woodward, in San Francisco, known as "Woodward's Gardens," occupies a very prominent position, being familiar to all the inhabitants of the Pacific States, as well as to visitors from the East. This was established some years ago by Mr. Woodward, the founder of the What Cheer House of San Francisco, and has rapidly grown to be really a very meritorious and admirable establishment.

A catalogue of its collections, occupying sixty-two pages, has lately been published, in which a list of the principal objects is presented, with some illustrative remarks. The museum proper consists of a large number of cases filled with natural history objects, among which is a very complete collection of the birds of the Pacific coast of the United States. In the menagerie are numerous living animals, among them the sea-lion, the leopard-seal, the fur-seal, etc. Grizzlies, black bears, tigers, monkeys, kangaroos, camels, llamas, buffaloes, etc., are to be met with in considerable numbers. The aquaria recently erected and placed on exhibition are said to contain a very interesting series of marine animals of the coast.

A new weekly scientific journal has lately been started in Paris under the direction of M. Tissandier. This bears the name *La Nature*, a somewhat unfortunate designation, as it is in danger of being confounded with its older and well-established contemporary of the same name in London. Each number embraces sixteen pages, and is illustrated with engravings. The subscription price is twenty francs in Paris, and thirty when mailed to foreign countries.

A communication has been made to the Accademia de' Lincei, of Rome, by M. Tarry, giving the results of his personal experience and investigations into the connection between the cyclonic storms and the showers of sand that frequently visit Southern Europe.

M. Tarry, after traveling as secretary to the French Meteorological Society into Northern Africa and the Desert of Sahara, and having consulted the files of the *Daily Weather Bulletin* of the Paris Observatory, believes himself to have established the fact that whenever a cyclone passes southward from Europe over the Mediterranean Sea into Africa (as some few of them do every season), it then returns northward or northwestward, and transports the sand which in the desert formed a sand-storm to the southern coasts of Europe as a sand-shower of greater or less duration.

The satisfactory investigation of this subject is much impeded by the absence of barometric observations on the southern shores of the Mediterranean; and to remedy this defect M. Tarry has recently established new meteorological stations at Mogadore (Morocco), Terceira, Madeira, and even in the interior of the Sahara.

Considerable interest has been excited within the last few years by the success of several anglers in New England in taking shad with the hook and line after their arrival in the rivers, especially at the points where they are intercepted by dams or falls, while ascending to their spawning grounds. An account is published in a late number of *Land and Water* of very successful fishing in this way for the European analogue of our species, the Alice shad. It is stated that two gentlemen took in this way 120 shad in one day, the largest weighing over three pounds, the average being from half a pound to a pound and a half.

The bait most warmly commended by the writer consists of an imitation grub of a bright yellow color, resembling the body of an enormous fly, only much thicker. The body is made of the brightest yellow wool, tied round with some silver-foil, or sometimes with green wool tied round with yellow. The hook is rather large. A twelve-foot rod, rather stiff at the top, with a reel and some one hundred yards of line, having a long gut trace at the end, shotted a few inches from the hook, and with two hooks baited in the manner described, is used for this fishing. The line is thrown across the holes down stream, and then worked up against the stream very gently, letting it sink slowly, and drawing it up quickly to within a foot of the surface. The shad see it as it is drawn up, and rush at it. The writer, in the account of his first experience in this kind of fishing, describes it somewhat enthusiastically, representing the sport as quite exciting.

The *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office affords us the following summary for the week ending August 20: During the past week an area of low barometer has moved over the Lower Lake region, and eastward over New York and New England. A severe and protracted rain-storm was experienced throughout the Middle Atlantic States, due to an anti-cyclonic storm of great dimensions in and north of Canada. Since its passage another similar storm has passed eastward from Iowa across the Lower Lakes, and has been followed by a third depression now in the Northwest. The rain-fall for the past week averages about as follows in the districts mentioned: St. Lawrence Valley, 5.3 inches; New England, 2.0; Middle Atlantic States, 3.5; South Atlantic States, 1.3; Eastern Gulf States, 0.7; Western Gulf States, 0.6; Lower Lake region, 0.3; Upper Lake region, 0.2; Ohio Valley and Tennessee, 0.7; Minnesota, 1.5. The Red River has risen, as also the Cumberland. The Mississippi has fallen, especially in the middle portion of its course. The Upper Ohio has risen, but the lower portion of the river has fallen.

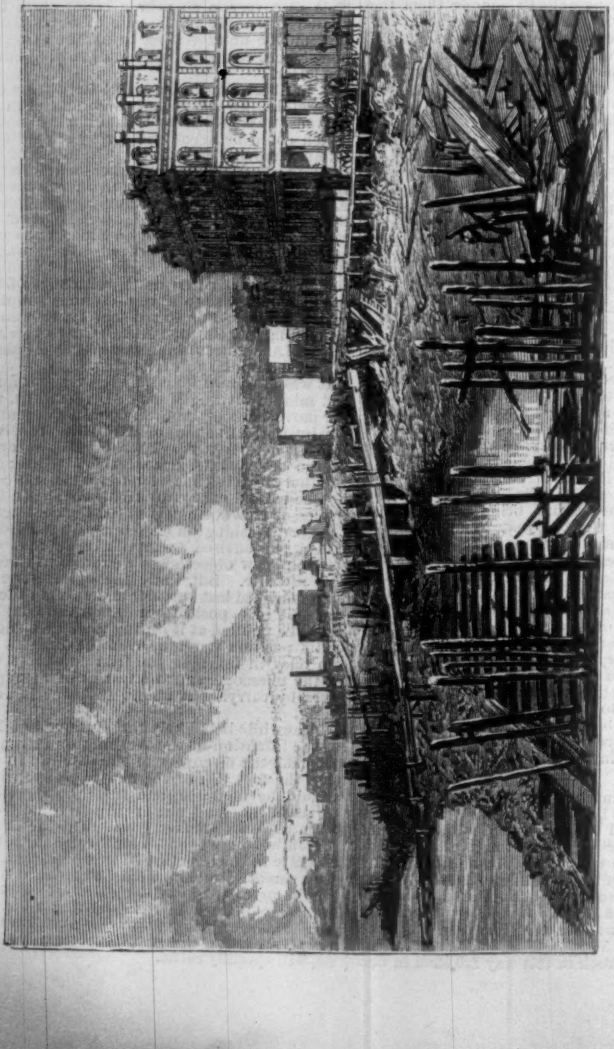
Messrs. P. L. Sclater, secretary of the Zoological Society of London, and Osbert Salvin, editor of the London *Ibis*, have just commenced the printing of their long-contemplated catalogue of birds of America south of the United States. This will be of great value to ornithologists, in view of the zoological accomplishments of the gentlemen mentioned, and the richness of the material to which they have access. In their own private collections are embraced nearly all the birds enumerated in their catalogue, the percentage of desiderata being very trifling. The catalogue is arranged in systematic order, the species of each genus being enumerated under it, with an indication of the locality. Of the family of Tanagers alone the authors enumerate 306 species, of which they possess specimens of all but twenty-three. The catalogue appears in small folio, about the size of an English Blue-Book, and is provided with ample margin for manuscript notes. The total number of species to be enumerated by them is 3565, and allowing 435 for those not occurring south of the United States and for undescribed species, we will have 4000 as an approximate estimate of the bird fauna of the New World.

A discovery, which, if confirmed, is one of the most important of the year, is announced from the Pultowa Observatory. It is that of a minute companion to the bright star Procyon. It derives its importance from being supposed to be the body whose attraction has caused certain irregularities in the motion of Procyon which have been known to exist for several years. This discovery is so near a counterpart to a similar one made in the case of Sirius that it may not be uninteresting to narrate some circumstances connected with and growing out of the latter.

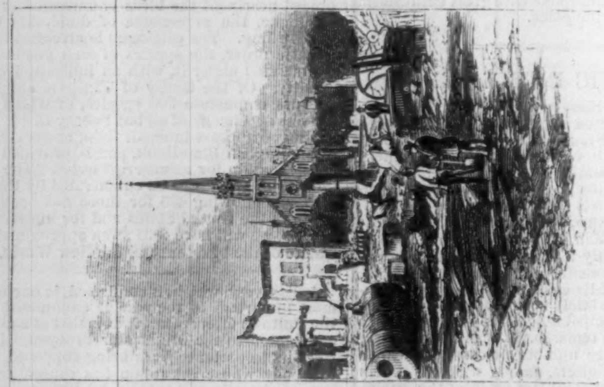
It has been known for about forty years that the well-known star Sirius, the brightest in the heavens, was subject to an oscillating motion which could be accounted for by supposing a satellite moving around it. The orbit of the satellite was calculated by Peters and Auwers, though no one had ever seen it. But when Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridge, completed their great object-glass of eighteen inches diameter in 1862, they turned it on Sirius, and saw a satellite, which, as it afterward proved, was in the direction of that suspected. Its motion has since corresponded so nearly with that of the calculated body as to leave no serious doubt of their identity. For this discovery, as well as for making the telescope, Alvan Clark received the La Lande medal from the French Academy of Sciences in the year following.

It was afterward found, by the very profound and minute investigations of Dr. Auwers, that the movements of Procyon could be accounted for by the attraction of a satellite revolving round it in forty years. There could be no doubt of the actual existence of the satellite; but whether any telescope would ever show it could not be settled except by trial. When, in 1870, Professor Newcomb negotiated the contract for the great Washington telescope with the Messrs. Clark, he advised them that their first duty with the new object-glass would be to discover this satellite. But while the object-glass was being finished last summer and autumn the star was not in a position in which the trial tube could be pointed at it during the night, and after its position was improved the Clarks were too busy in finishing the iron and brass work of the telescope, and too fearful of risking the glass by carrying it about, to point it at any thing.

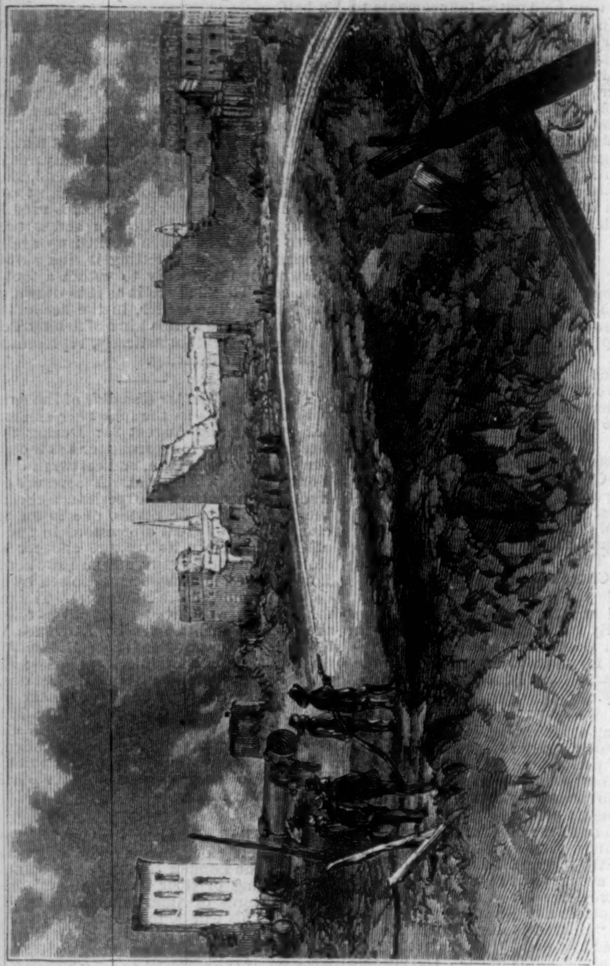
Meanwhile it is likely that Struve had heard of the intention of the Washington astronomer to make the discovery of the satellite in question the first test of the new telescope when it should be mounted, and therefore determined to see if he could not anticipate the discovery with his own smaller glass. On the 29th of March last he was successful so far as to find a satellite in the direction of that predicted; and, we remark, direction alone, and not distance, can be predicted in such a case. It must now be determined whether it is moving around the bright star in the proper way—a question which the Washington telescope, if successfully mounted, will speedily settle.



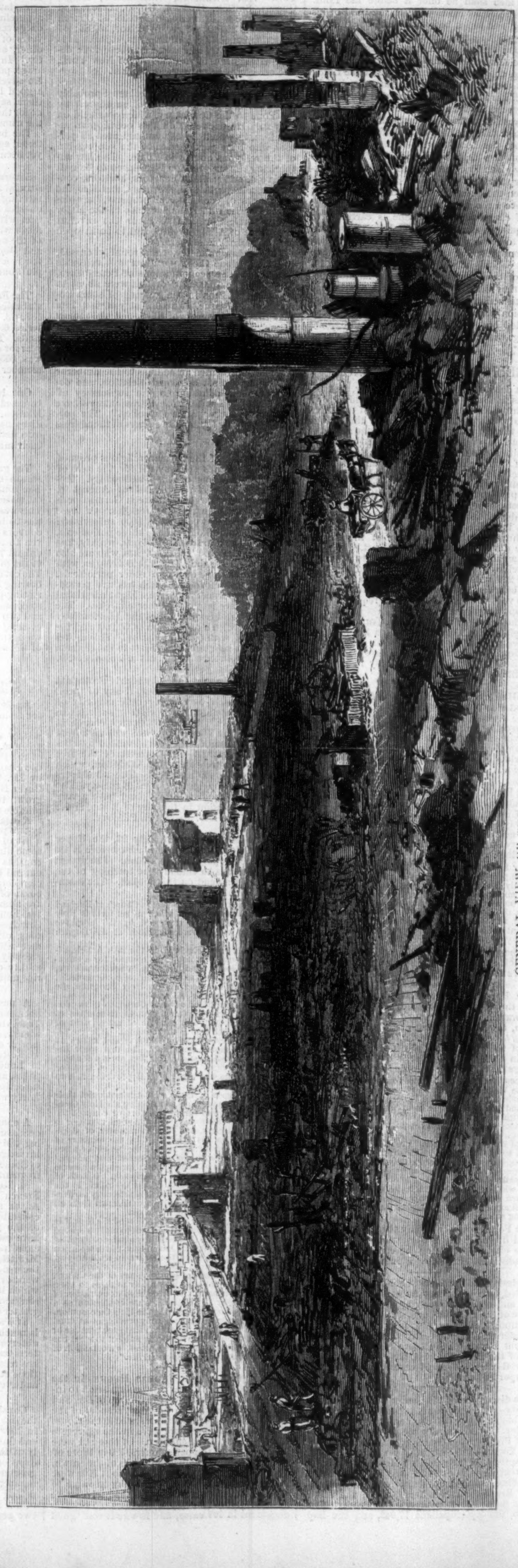
VIEW ON THE RIVER-BANK, LOOKING SOUTH.



WESTERN LIMIT OF THE FIRE.

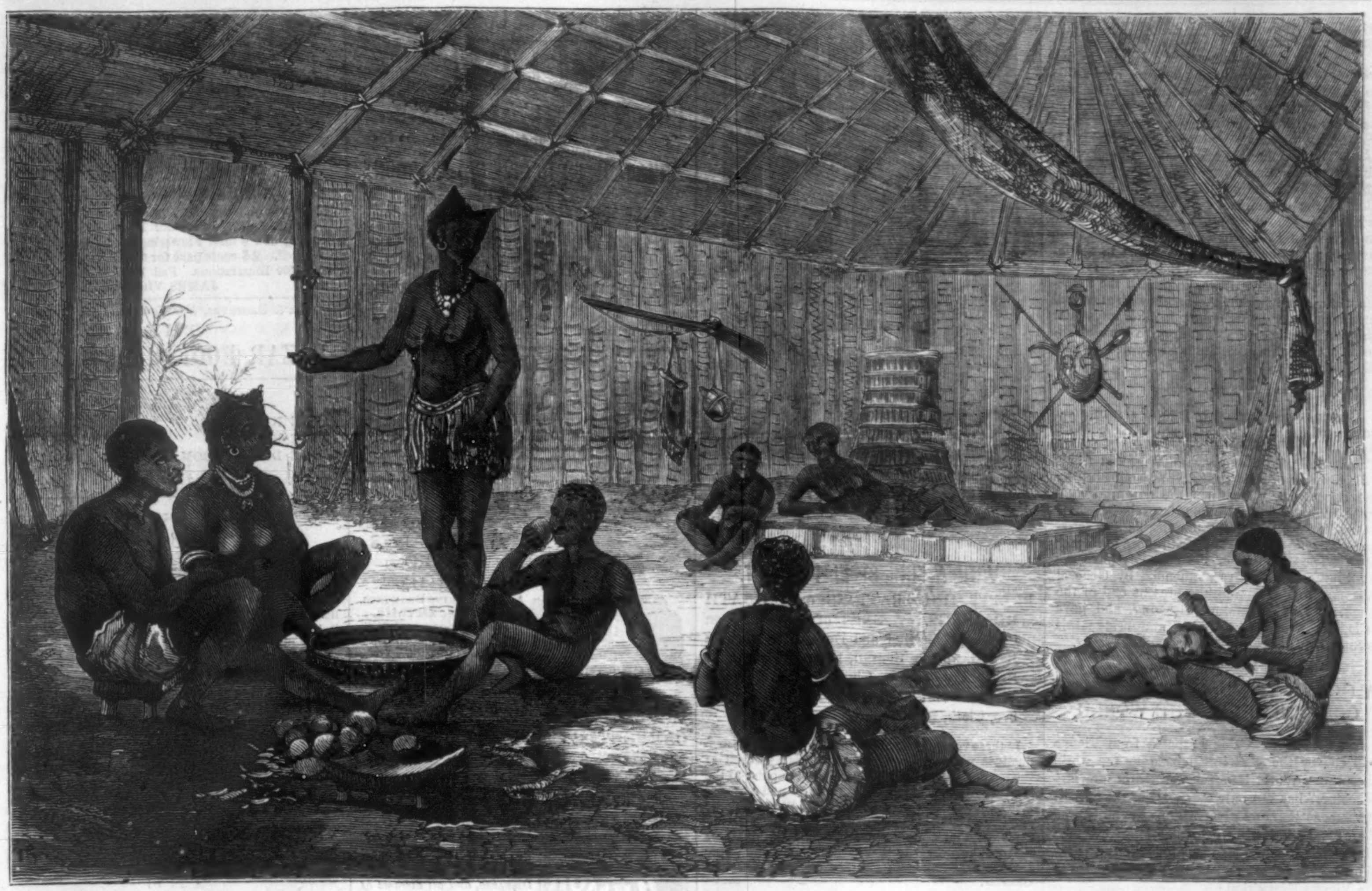


CENTRAL VIEW, SHOWING NORTHWESTERN LIMIT.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS FROM SOUTHERN BOUNDARY.

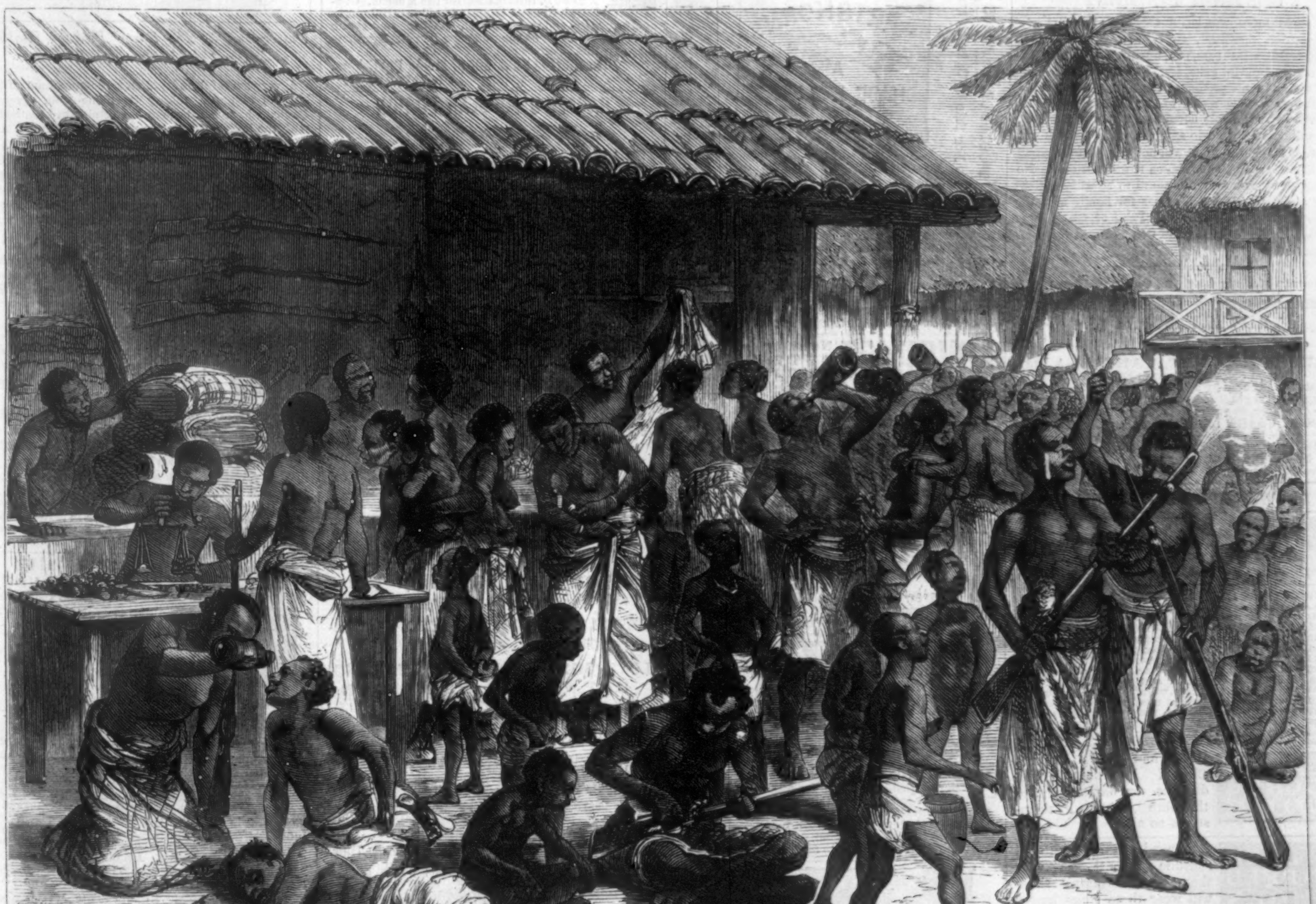
THE RECENT FIRE AT PORTLAND, OREGON.—From Photographs by Buchtel & Stolte.—[See Page 778.]



INTERIOR OF AN ASHANTEE HUT.

ASHANTEE SKETCHES.

The first illustration on this page represents the interior of an Ashantee cottage. The Ashantees are quite skillful as builders, their dwellings being neatly constructed of bamboo wicker-work, with a thatch of palm leaves, rising to the height of fifteen feet at the central ridge, from eaves between four and five feet high. In the picture the man, as usual, is reposing on a bamboo bedstead. The women of the family do not seem very busy; two of them, with a young man, are seated on the floor eating their breakfast; one is smoking her pipe; another is about to go out at the door. The food is dumplings, served on plantain leaves. The lady of the house lies on the floor to have her hair combed by the lady's-maid. Among the household utensils are a large basket for corn, a roll of mats, and a bag of charms to avert the anger of some malicious demon. A musket, as



ASHANTEES BUYING MUSKETS WITH GOLD-DUST AT ASSINEE.

well as a shield, with spear and sword, is hung on the wall behind.

The other sketch represents a European factory or store at Assinee, a station about fifty miles westward of Cape Coast Castle. The traders' assistants are Fantees, and they sell muskets, ammunition, and other commodities to the Ashantees, receiving gold-dust in exchange. It is a busy and animated scene—the firing of guns, the explosion of samples of powder on the sand, the drinking, shouting, haggling, and gesticulation of the bargainers, making a *tout-ensemble* which is beyond description. Most of the trade is carried on by means of the coast tribes, who act as brokers between the Ashantees in the interior and the Europeans on the coast. It may be remembered that it was to punish the inhabitants for supplying the Ashantees with arms and ammunition, and aiding them in other ways, that the disaffected portion of the native town of Elmina was recently shelled and burned by the English troops.

GENERAL ROSSER, in charge of the railroad survey of the Stanley Yellowstone Expedition, has submitted to the authorities of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in Washington his official report of results thus far accomplished by the expedition. He finds the new and final route across Western Dakota, from the Missouri to the Yellowstone River, practicable and satisfactory, being greatly superior to those of former days. The directors of the company have accepted the new line recommended by General ROSSER, from Bismarck, the present end of the track, to the Yellowstone Crossing, and have called for proposals to grade and bridge this section of two hundred and five miles.—*Post.*

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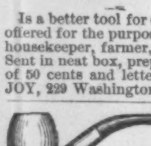

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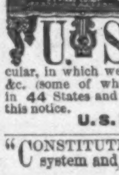

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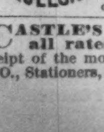

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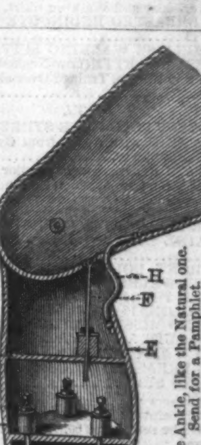

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[Continued from Supplement to No. 869.]

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," Etc., Etc.

BOOK NINTH.

CHAPTER IV.

There is somewhere in Lord Lytton's writings—writings so numerous that I may be pardoned if I can not remember where—a critical definition of the difference between dramatic and narrative art of story, instanced by that marvelous passage in the loftiest of Sir Walter Scott's works, in which all the anguish of Ravenswood on the night before he has to meet Lucy's brother in mortal combat is conveyed without the spoken words required in tragedy. It is only to be conjectured by the tramp of his heavy boots to and fro all the night long in his solitary chamber, heard below by the faithful Caleb. The drama could not have allowed that treatment; the drama must have put into words, as "soliloquy," agonies which the non-dramatic narrator knows that no soliloquy can describe. Humbly do I imitate, then, the great master of narrative in declining to put into words the conflict between love and reason that tortured the heart of Graham Vane when dropping noiselessly the letter I have just transcribed. He covered his face with his hands and remained—I know not how long—in the same position, his head bowed, not a sound escaping from his lips.

He did not stir from his rooms that day; and had there been a Caleb's faithful ear to listen, his tread, too, might have been heard all that sleepless night passing to and fro, but pausing oft, along his solitary floors.

Possibly love would have borne down all opposing reasonings, doubts, and prejudices, but for incidents that occurred the following evening. On that evening Graham dined *en famille* with his cousins the Altons. After dinner the Duke produced the design for a cenotaph inscribed to the memory of his aunt, Lady Janet King, which he proposed to place in the family chapel at Alton.

"I know," said the Duke, kindly, "you would wish the old house from which she sprang to preserve some such record of her who loved you as her son; and even putting you out of the question, it gratifies me to attest the claim of our family to a daughter who continues to be famous for her goodness, and made the goodness so lovable that envy forgave it for being famous. It was a pang to me when poor Richard King decided on placing her tomb among strangers; but in conceding his rights as to her resting-place, I retain mine to her name, '*Nostris liberis virtutis exemplar*.'"

Graham wrung his cousin's hand—he could not speak, choked by suppressed tears.

The Duchess, who loved and honored Lady Janet almost as much as did her husband, fairly sobbed aloud. She had, indeed, reason for grateful memories of the deceased: there had been some obstacles to her marriage with the man who had won her heart, arising from political differences and family feuds between their parents, which the gentle mediation of Lady Janet had smoothed away. And never did union founded on mutual and ardent love more belie the assertions of the great Bichat (esteemed by Dr. Buckle the finest intellect which practical philosophy has exhibited since Aristotle), that "Love is a sort of fever which does not last beyond two years," than that between these eccentric specimens of a class denounced as frivolous and heartless by philosophers, English and French, who have certainly never heard of Bichat.

When the emotion the Duke had exhibited was calmed down, his wife pushed toward Graham a sheet of paper, inscribed with the epitaph composed by his hand. "Is it not beautiful," she said, falteringly—"not a word too much nor too little?"

Graham read the inscription slowly, and with very dimmed eyes. It deserved the praise bestowed on it; for the Duke, though a shy and awkward speaker, was a graceful writer.

Yet, in his innermost self, Graham shivered when he read that epitaph, it expressed so emphatically the reverential nature of the love which Lady Janet had inspired—the genial influences which the holiness of a character so active in doing good had diffused around it. It brought vividly before Graham that image of perfect spotless womanhood. And a voice within him asked, "Would that cenotaph be placed amidst the monuments of an illustrious lineage if the secret known to thee could transpire? What though the lost one were really as unsullied by sin as the world deems, would the name now treasured as an heir-loom not be a memory of gall and a sound of shame?"

He remained so silent after putting down the inscription that the Duke said, modestly, "My dear Graham, I see that you do not like what I have written. Your pen is much more practiced than mine. If I did not ask you to compose the epitaph, it was because I thought it would please you more in coming, as a spontaneous tribute due to her, from the representative of her family. But will you correct my sketch, or give me another according to your own ideas?"

"I see not a word to alter," said Graham: "forgive me if my silence wronged my emotion; the truest eloquence is that which holds us too mute for applause."

"I knew you would like it. Leopold is always so disposed to underrate himself," said the Duchess, whose hand was resting fondly on her husband's shoulder. "Epitaphs are so difficult to write—especially epitaphs on women of whom in life the least said the better. Janet was the only woman I ever knew whom one could praise in safety."

"Well expressed," said the Duke, smiling; "and I wish you would make that safety clear to some lady friends of yours, to whom it might serve as a lesson. Proof against every breath of scandal herself, Janet King never uttered and never encouraged one ill-natured word against another. But I am afraid, my dear fellow, that I must leave you to a *tête-à-tête* with Eleanor. You know that I must be at the House this evening—I only paired till half past nine."

"I will walk down to the House with you, if you are going on foot."

"No," said the Duchess; "you must resign yourself to me for at least half an hour. I was looking over your aunt's letters to-day, and I found one which I wish to show you; it is all about yourself, and written within the last few months of her life." Here she put her arm into Graham's, and led him into her own private drawing-room, which, though others might call it a boudoir, she dignified by the name of her study. The Duke remained for some minutes thoughtfully leaning his arm on the mantel-piece. It was no unimportant debate in the Lords that night, and on a subject in which he took great interest, and the details of which he had thoroughly mastered. He had been requested to speak, if only a few words, for his high character and his reputation for good sense gave weight to the mere utterance of his opinion. But though no one had more moral courage in action, the Duke had a terror at the very thought of addressing an audience which made him despise himself.

"Ah!" he muttered, "if Graham Vane were but in Parliament, I could trust him to say exactly what I would rather be swallowed up by an earthquake than stand up and say for myself. But now he has got money, he seems to think of nothing but saving it."

CHAPTER V.

The letter from Lady Janet, which the Duchess took from the desk and placed in Graham's hand, was in strange coincidence with the subject that for the last twenty-four hours had absorbed his thoughts and tortured his heart. Speaking of him in terms of affectionate eulogy, the writer proceeded to confide her earnest wish that he should not longer delay that change in life which, concentrating so much that is vague in the desires and aspirations of man, leaves his heart and his mind, made serene by the contentment of home, free for the steadfast consolidation of their warmth and their light upon the ennobling duties that unite the individual to his race.

"There is no one," wrote Lady Janet, "whose character and career a felicitous choice in marriage can have greater influence over than this dear adopted son of mine. I do not fear that in any case he will be liable to the errors of his brilliant father. His early reverse of fortune here seems to me one of those blessings which Heaven conceals in the form of affliction. For in youth, the genial freshness of his gay animal spirits, a native generosity mingled with desire of display and thirst for applause, made me somewhat alarmed for his future. But though he still retains these attributes of character, they are no longer predominant; they are modified and chastened. He has learned prudence. But what I now fear most for him is that which he does not show in the world, which neither Leopold nor you seem to detect—it is an exceeding sensitiveness of pride. I know not how else to describe it. It is so interwoven with the highest qualities that I sometimes dread injury to them could it be torn away from the faultier ones which it supports.

"It is interwoven with that lofty independence of spirit which has made him refuse openings the most alluring to his ambition; it communicates a touching grandeur to his self-denying thrift; it makes him so tenacious of his word once given, so cautious before he gives it. Public life to him is essential; without it he would be incomplete; and yet I sigh to think that whatever success he may achieve in it will be attended with proportionate pain. Calumny goes side by side with fame, and courting fame as a man, he is as thin-skinned to calumny as a woman.

"The wife for Graham should have qualities not, taken individually, uncommon in English wives, but in combination somewhat rare.

"She must have mind enough to appreciate his—not to clash with it. She must be fitted with sympathies to be his dearest companion, his confidante in the hopes and fears which the slightest want of sympathy would make him keep ever afterward pent within his breast. In herself worthy of distinction, she must merge all distinction in his. You have met in the world men who, marrying professed beauties or professed literary geniuses, are spoken of as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. A——, or of the clever Mrs. B——. Can you fancy Graham Vane in the reflected light of one of those husbands? I trembled last year when I thought he was attracted by a face which the artists raved about, and again by a tongue which dropped *bons mots* that went the round of the clubs. I was relieved when, sounding him, he said, laughingly, 'No, dear aunt, I should be one sore from head to foot if I married a wife that was talked about for any thing but goodness.'

"No—Graham Vane will have pains sharp enough if he live to be talked about himself. But that tenderest half of himself, the bearer of the name he would make, and for the dignity of which he alone would be responsible—if that were the town-talk, he would curse the hour he gave any one the right to take on herself his man's burden of calumny and fame. I know not which I should pity the most, Graham Vane or his wife.

"Do you understand me, dearest Eleanor? No doubt you do so far that you comprehend that the women whom men most admire are not the women we, as women ourselves, would wish our sons or brothers to marry. But perhaps you do not comprehend my cause of fear, which is this—for in such matters men do not see as we women do—Graham abhors, in the girls of our time, frivolity and insipidity. Very rightly, you will say. True, but then he is too likely to be allured by contrasts. I have seen him attracted by the very girls we recoil from more than we do from those we allow to be frivolous and insipid. I accused him of admiration for a certain young lady whom you call 'odious,' and whom the slang that has come into vogue calls 'fast;' and I was not satisfied with his answer—'Certainly I admire her; she is not a doll—she has ideas.' I would rather of the two see Graham married to what men call a doll than to a girl with ideas which are distasteful to women."

Lady Janet then went on to question the Duchess about a Miss Asterisk, with whom this tale will have nothing to do, but who, from the little which Lady Janet had seen of her, might possess all the requisites that fastidious correspondent would exact for the wife of her adopted son.

This Miss Asterisk had been introduced into the London world by the Duchess. The Duchess had replied to Lady Janet that if earth could be ransacked, a more suitable wife for Graham Vane than Miss Asterisk could not be found. She was well born—an heiress; the estates she inherited were in the county of —— (viz., the county in which the ancestors of D'Altons and Vanes had for centuries established their whereabouts). Miss Asterisk was pretty enough to please any man's eye, but not with the beauty of which artists rave; well-informed enough to be companion to a well-informed man, but certainly not witty enough to supply *bons mots* to the clubs. Miss Asterisk was one of those women of whom a husband might be proud, yet with whom a husband would feel safe from being talked about.

And in submitting the letter we have read to Graham's eye, the Duchess had the cause of Miss Asterisk pointedly in view. Miss Asterisk had confided to her friend that, of all men she had seen, Mr. Graham Vane was the one she would feel the least inclined to refuse.

So when Graham Vane returned the letter to the Duchess, simply saying, "How well my dear aunt divined what is weakest in me!" the Duchess replied, quickly, "Miss Asterisk dines here to-morrow; pray come; you would like her if you knew more of her."

"To-morrow I am engaged—an American friend of mine dines with me; but 'tis no matter, for I shall never feel more for Miss Asterisk than I feel for Mont Blanc."

CHAPTER VI.

On leaving his cousin's house Graham walked on, he scarce knew or cared whither, the image of the beloved dead so forcibly recalled the solemnity of the mission with which he had been intrusted, and which hitherto he had failed to fulfill. What if the only mode by which he could, without causing questions and suspicions that might result in dragging to day the terrible nature of the trust he held, enrich the daughter of Richard King, repair all wrong hitherto done to her, and guard the sanctity of Lady Janet's home, should be in that union which Richard King had commended to him while his heart was yet free?

In such a case, would not gratitude to the dead, duty to the living, make that union imperative at whatever sacrifice of happiness to himself? The two years to which Richard King had limited the suspense of research were not yet expired. Then, too, that letter of Lady Janet's—so tenderly anxious for his future, so clear-sighted as to the elements of his own character in its strength or its infirmities—combined with graver causes to withhold his heart from its yearning impulse, and—no, not steel it against Isaura, but forbid it to realize, in the fair creature and creator of romance, his ideal of the woman to whom an earnest, sagacious, aspiring man commits all the destinies involved in the serene dignity of his hearth. He could not but own that this gifted author—this eager seeker after fame—this brilliant and bold competitor with men on their own stormy battle-ground—was the very person from whom Lady Janet would have warned away his choice. She (Isaura) merge her own distinctions in a husband's!—she leave exclusively to him the burden of fame and calumny!—she shun "to be talked about!"—she who could feel her life to be a success or a failure, according to the extent and the loudness of the talk which it courted!

While these thoughts racked his mind, a kindl[y] hand was laid on his arm, and a cheery voice accosted him. "Well met, my dear Vane! I see we are bound to the same place. There will be a good gathering to-night."

"What do you mean, Bevil? I am going nowhere, except to my own quiet rooms."

"Pooh! Come in here at least for a few minutes;" and Bevil drew him up to the door-step of a house close by, where, on certain evenings, a well-known club drew together men who seldom meet so familiarly elsewhere—men of all callings—a club especially favored by wits, authors, and the *flâneurs* of polite society.

Graham shook his head, about to refuse, when Bevil added, "I have just come from Paris, and can give you the last news, literary, political, and social. By-the-way, I saw Savarin the other night at the Cicogna's—he introduced me there." Graham winced; he was spelled by the music of a name, and followed his acquaintance into the crowded room, and after returning many greetings and nods, withdrew into a remote corner, and motioned Bevil to a seat beside him.

"So you met Savarin? Where, did you say?"

"At the house of the new lady author—I hate the word authoress—Mademoiselle Cicogna! Of course you have read her book?"

"Yes."

"Full of fine things, is it not?—though somewhat high-flown and sentimental. However, nothing succeeds like success. No book has been more talked about at Paris; the only thing more talked about is the lady author herself."

"Indeed!—and how?"

"She doesn't look twenty, a mere girl—of that kind of beauty which so arrests the eye that you pass by other faces to gaze on it, and the dullest stranger would ask, 'Who and what is she?' A girl, I say, like that—who lives as independently as if she were a middle-aged widow, receives every week (she has her Thursdays), with no other chaperon than an old *ci-devant* Italian singing-woman, dressed like a guy—must set Parisian tongues into play, even if she had not written the crack book of the season."

"Mademoiselle Cicogna receives on Thursdays—no harm in that; and if she have no other chaperon than the Italian lady you mention, it is because Mademoiselle Cicogna is an orphan; and having a fortune, such as it is, of her own, I do not see why she should not live as independently as many an unmarried woman in London placed under similar circumstances. I suppose she receives chiefly persons in the literary or artistic world; and if they are all as respectable as the Savarins, I do not think ill nature itself could find fault with her social circle."

"Ah! you know the Cicogna, I presume. I am sure I did not wish to say any thing that could offend her best friends, only I do think it is a pity she is not married, poor girl!"

"Mademoiselle Cicogna, accomplished, beautiful, of good birth (the Cicognas rank among the oldest of Lombard families), is not likely to want offers."

"Offers of marriage—h'm—well, I dare say, from authors and artists. You know Paris better even than I do, but I don't suppose authors and artists there make the most desirable husbands; and I scarcely know a marriage in France between a man author and lady author which does not end in the deadliest of all animosities—that of wounded *amour propre*. Perhaps the man admires his own genius too much to do proper homage to his wife's."

"But the choice of Mademoiselle Cicogna need not be restricted to the pale of authorship—doubtless she has many admirers beyond that quarrelsome border-land."

"Certainly—countless adorers. Enguerrand de Vandemar—you know that diamond of dandies?"

"Perfectly. Is he an admirer?"

"*Cela va sans dire*—he told me that though she was not the handsomest woman in Paris, all other women looked less handsome since he had seen her. But of course French lady-killers like Enguerrand, when it comes to marriage, leave it to their parents to choose their wives and arrange the terms of the contract. Talking of lady-killers, I beheld amidst the throng at Mademoiselle Cicogna's the *ci-devant* Lovelace whom I remember some twenty-three years ago as the darling of wives and the terror of husbands—Victor de Mauléon."

"Victor de Mauléon at Mademoiselle Cicogna's! What! is that man restored to society?"

"Ah! you are thinking of the ugly old story about the jewels—oh yes, he has got over that; all his grand relations, the Vandemars, Beauvilliers, Rochebriant, and others took him by the hand when he reappeared at Paris last year; and though I believe he is still avoided by many, he is courted by still more—and avoided, I fancy, rather from political than social causes. The Imperialist set, of course, execrate and proscribe him. You know he is the writer of those biting articles signed 'Pierre Firmin' in the *Sens Commun*; and I am told he is the proprietor of that very clever journal, which has become a power."

"So, so—that is the journal in which Mademoiselle Cicogna's *roman* first appeared. So, so—Victor de Mauléon one of her associates, her counselor and friend—ah!"

"No, I didn't say that; on the contrary, he was presented to her for the first time the evening I was at the house. I saw that young silk-haired coxcomb, Gustave Rameau, introduce him to her. You don't perhaps know Rameau, editor of the *Sens Commun*—writes poems and criticisms. They say he is a Red Republican, but De Mauléon keeps truculent French politics subdued, if not suppressed, in his cynical journal. Somebody told me that the Cicogna is very much in love with Rameau; certainly he has a handsome face of his own, and that is the reason why she was so rude to the Russian Prince X——."

"How, rude? Did the Prince propose to her?"

"Propose! you forget—he is married. Don't you know the Princess? Still there are other

kinds of proposals than those of marriage which a rich Russian prince may venture to make to a pretty novelist brought up for the stage."

"Bevil!" cried Graham, grasping the man's arm fiercely, "how dare you?"

"My dear boy," said Bevil, very much astonished, "I really did not know that your interest in the young lady was so great. If I have wounded you in relating a mere *on dit* picked up at the Jockey Club, I beg you a thousand pardons. I dare say there was not a word of truth in it."

"Not a word of truth, you may be sure, if the *on dit* was injurious to Mademoiselle Cicogna. It is true I *have* a strong interest in her; any man—any gentleman—would have such interest in a girl so brilliant and seemingly so friendless. It shames one of human nature to think that the reward which the world makes to those who elevate its platitudes, brighten its dullness, delight its leisure, is—Slander! I have had the honor to make the acquaintance of this lady before she became a 'celebrity,' and I have never met in my paths through life a purer heart or a nobler nature. What is the wretched *on dit* you condescend to circulate? Permit me to add,

"'He who repeats a slander shares the crime.'"

"Upon my honor, my dear Vane," said Bevil, seriously (he did not want for spirit), "I hardly know you this evening. It is not because dueling is out of fashion that a man should allow himself to speak in a tone that gives offense to another who intended none; and if dueling is out of fashion in England, it is still possible in France. *Entre nous*, I would rather cross the Channel with you than submit to language that conveys unmerited insult."

Graham's cheek, before ashen pale, flushed into dark red. "I understand you," he said, quietly, "and will be at Boulogne to-morrow."

"Graham Vane," replied Bevil, with much dignity, "you and I have known each other a great many years, and neither of us has cause to question the courage of the other; but I am much older than yourself—permit me to take the melancholy advantage of seniority. A duel between us in consequence of careless words said about a lady in no way connected with either would be a cruel injury to her; a duel on grounds so slight would little injure me—a man about town, who would not sit an hour in the House of Commons if you paid him a thousand pounds a minute. But you, Graham Vane—you whose destiny it is to canvass electors and make laws—would it not be an injury to you to be questioned at the hustings why you broke the law, and why you sought another man's life? Come, come! shake hands, and consider all that seconds, if we chose them, would exact, is said, every affront on either side retracted, every apology on either side made."

"Bevil, you disarm and conquer me. I spoke like a hot-headed fool; forget it—forgive. But —but—I can listen calmly now—what is that *on dit?*"

"One that thoroughly bears out your own very manly upholding of the poor young orphan, whose name I shall never again mention without such respect as would satisfy her most sensitive champion. It was said that the Prince X—— boasted that before a week was out Mademoiselle Cicogna should appear in his carriage at the Bois de Boulogne, and wear at the opera diamonds he had sent to her; that this boast was enforced by a wager, and the terms of the wager compelled the Prince to confess the means he had taken to succeed, and produce the evidence that he had lost or won. According to this *on dit*, the Prince had written to Mademoiselle Cicogna, and the letter had been accompanied by a *parure* that cost him half a million of francs; that the diamonds had been sent back, with a few words of such scorn as a queen might address to an upstart lackey. But, my dear Vane, it is a mournful position for a girl to receive such offers; and you must agree with me in wishing she were safely married, even to Monsieur Rameau, coxcomb though he be. Let us hope that they will be an exception to French authors, male and female, in general, and live like turtle-doves."

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW days after the date of the last chapter Colonel Morley returned to Paris. He had dined with Graham at Greenwich, had met him afterward in society, and paid him a farewell visit on the day before the Colonel's departure; but the name of Isaura Cicogna had not again been uttered by either. Morley was surprised that his wife did not question him minutely as to the mode in which he had executed her delicate commission, and the manner as well as words with which Graham had replied to his "ventilations." But his Lizzy cut him short when he began his recital.

"I don't want to hear any thing more about the man. He has thrown away a prize richer than his ambition will ever gain, even if it gained him a throne."

"That it can't gain him in the old country. The people are loyal to the present dynasty, whatever you may be told to the contrary."

"Don't be so horribly literal, Frank; that subject is done with. How was the Duchess of M—— dressed?"

But when the Colonel had retired to what the French call the *cabinet de travail*—and which he more accurately termed his "smoke den"—and there indulged in the cigar which, despite his American citizenship, was forbidden in the drawing-room of the tyrant who ruled his life, Mrs. Morley took from her desk a letter received three days before, and brooded over it intently, studying every word. When she had thus reperused it, her tears fell upon the page. "Poor Isaura!" she muttered—"poor Isaura! I know she loves him—and how deeply a nature like hers can love! But I must break it to her. If I did not, she would remain nursing a vain dream, and refuse every chance of real happiness for the sake of nursing it." Then she mechanically folded up the letter—I need not say it was from Graham Vane—restored it to the desk, and remained musing till the Colonel looked in at the door and said, peremptorily, "Very late—come to bed."

The next day Madame Savarin called on Isaura.

"*Chère enfant*," said she, "I have bad news for you. Poor Gustave is very ill—an attack of the lungs and fever; you know how delicate he is."

"I am sincerely grieved," said Isaura, in earnest, tender tones; "it must be a very sudden attack: he was here last Thursday."

"The malady only declared itself yesterday morning, but surely you must have observed how ill he has been looking for several days past. It pained me to see him."

"I did not notice any change in him," said Isaura, somewhat conscience-stricken. Wrapped in her own happy thoughts, she would not have noticed change in faces yet more familiar to her than that of her young admirer.

"Isaura," said Madame Savarin, "I suspect there are moral causes for our friend's failing health. Why should I disguise my meaning? You know well how madly he is in love with you; and have you denied him hope?"

"I like M. Rameau as a friend; I admire him—at times I pity him."

"Pity is akin to love."

"I doubt the truth of that saying, at all events as you apply it now. I could not love M. Rameau; I never gave him cause to think I could."

"I wish for both your sakes that you could make me a different answer; for his sake, because, knowing his faults and failings, I am persuaded that they would vanish in a companionship so pure, so elevating as yours: you could make him not only so much happier but so much better a man. Hush! let me go on; let me come to yourself—I say for your sake I wish it. Your pursuits, your ambition, are akin to his; you should not marry one who could not sympathize with you in these. If you did, he might either restrict the exercise of your genius or be chafed at its display. The only authoress I ever knew whose married lot was serenely happy to the last was the greatest of English poetesses married to a great English poet. You can not, you ought not, to devote yourself to the splendid career to which your genius irresistibly impels you without that counsel, that support, that protection which a husband alone can give. My dear child, as the wife myself of a man of letters, and familiarized to all the gossip, all the scandal, to which they who give their names to the public are exposed, I declare that if I had a daughter who inherited Savarin's talents, and was ambitious of attaining to his renown, I would rather shut her up in a convent than let her publish a book that was in every one's hands until she had sheltered her name under that of a husband; and if I say this of my child with a father so wise in the world's ways, and so popularly respected as my *bon homme*, what must I feel to be essential to your safety, poor stranger in our land! poor solitary orphan! with no other advice or guardian than the singing mistress whom you touchingly call '*Madre!*' I see how I distress and pain you—I can not help it. Listen. The other evening Savarin came back from his favorite *café* in a state of excitement that made me think he came to announce a revolution. It was about you; he stormed, he wept —actually wept—my philosophical laughing Savarin. He had just heard of that atrocious wager made by a Russian barbarian. Every one praised you for the contempt with which you had treated the savage's insolence. But that *you* should have been submitted to such an insult without one male friend who had the right to resent and chastise it—you can not think how Savarin was chafed and galled. You know how he admires, but you can not guess how he reveres you; and since then he says to me every day: 'That girl must not remain single. Better marry any man who has a heart to defend a wife's honor and the nerve to fire a pistol. Every Frenchman has those qualifications!'"

Here Isaura could no longer restrain her emotions; she burst into sobs so vehement, so convulsive, that Madame Savarin became alarmed; but when she attempted to embrace and soothe her, Isaura recoiled with a visible shudder, and gasping out, "Cruel, cruel!" turned to the door, and rushed to her own room.

A few minutes afterward a maid entered the *salon* with a message to Madame Savarin that mademoiselle was so unwell that she must beg madame to excuse her return to the *salon*.

Later in the day Mrs. Morley called, but Isaura would not see her.

Meanwhile poor Rameau was stretched on his sick-bed, and in sharp struggle between life and death. It is difficult to disentangle, one by one, all the threads in a nature so complex as Rameau's; but if we may hazard a conjecture, the grief of disappointed love was not the immediate cause of his illness, and yet it had much to do with it. The goad of Isaura's refusal had driven him into seeking distraction in excesses which a stronger frame could have courted with impunity. The man was thoroughly Parisian in many things, but especially in impatience of any trouble. Did love trouble him—love could be drowned in absinthe; and too much absinthe may be a more immediate cause of congested lungs than the love which the absinthe had lulled to sleep.

His bedside was not watched by hirelings. When first taken thus ill—too ill to attend to his editorial duties—information was conveyed to the publisher of the *Sens Commun*, and in consequence of that information Victor de Mauléon came to see the sick man. By his bed he found Savarin, who had called, as it were, by chance, and seen the doctor, who had said, "It is grave. He must be well nursed."

Savarin whispered to De Mauléon, "Shall we call in a professional nurse, or a *sœur de charité?*"

De Mauléon replied, also in whisper, "Somebody told me that the man had a mother."

It was true—Savarin had forgotten it. Rameau never mentioned his parents—he was not proud of them. They belonged to a lower class of *bourgeoisie*, retired shop-keepers, and a Red Republican is sworn to hate of the *bourgeoisie*, high or low; while a beautiful young author pushing his way into the Chaussée D'Antin does not proclaim to the world that his parents had sold hosiery in the Rue St. Denis.

Nevertheless Savarin knew that Rameau had such parents still living, and took the hint. Two hours afterward Rameau was leaning his burning forehead on his mother's breast.

The next morning the doctor said to the mother, "You are worth ten of me. If you can stay here we shall pull him through."

"Stay here!—my own boy!" cried, indignantly, the poor mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLEANLINESS VERSUS GODLINESS.

WE know it for a fact that a very respectable school-mistress once set all her pupils at work to look through the book of Proverbs for the text, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" and she punished them because they did not find it. The young maidens could only have saved themselves by taking their Bibles to a printer and having the text inserted in the blank space at the end of the last chapter of the book of Proverbs. The worship of soap and water is a comparatively modern cult in Christendom. In the old pre-Christian religions, as now in Mohammedanism, washing was a religious duty; and divines have seen in the heathen lustrations and the bathings in holy rivers a prophetic anticipation of the sacrament of baptism by the universal consciousness. The apostle, indeed, speaks of having our "bodies washed with pure water;" but this was either referred by the Mystics to baptism, or explained away as purely symbolical of the inward cleansing of the Spirit. The rude hermits of the Eastern Church regarded the healthy human desire to be clean as a lust of the flesh proceeding out of the natural man. They called attention to the interior cleansing necessary to the whole race by a defiant disregard of exterior purity in their own persons, as of comparative unimportance. Their real doctrine was quickly developed into the implied doctrine that "Dirt is next to godliness," or that "Cleanliness is next to ungodliness." The majority of the Fathers of the Desert in the East, and a great company of the canonized saints of the West, may be described as holy and dirty. We do not insult their memories by coupling these qualities; none of them were ashamed of the conjunction, and many of them gloried in it.

The historian Eusebius has recorded a tradition that the Apostle James never used a bath. The assertion is most improbable, for not only were all the apostles strict Jews, but St. James, the Bishop of Jerusalem, could least of all have afforded to despise so sacred a Jewish habit as cleanliness, and he was the very apostle whose name was held in highest esteem by the Judaizing party in the church. The reign of dirt in the church spread by degrees. St. Pachomius, and his brother, St. John (who were converted about the year 312), must have had some amount of cleanliness, for we are told that they never changed their clothes except when they were under the necessity of washing them. Their contemporary, St. Ammon of Nitria, refused to wash himself, but it seems that it was rather from a modest dread of seeing himself without his clothes than from a positive passion for dirt. St. Hilarion, however, who lived in the same age, developed the cultus of dirt; for he never changed any coat until it was worn out, and never washed the sackcloth which he had once put on. The great St. Antony, as St. Athanasius tells us in his life of him, had never washed his feet up to extreme old age; he says that he was healthier than those who bathe themselves and often change their clothes. His disciples followed the example of their great ideal patriarch. St. Abraham of Edessa, another hermit of the fourth century, whose life was written by the famous Ephrem, left his wealth and his wife on the day of his marriage, and lived for fifty years, mostly in a cell two miles from the city, without once washing either his face or his feet.

The fourth century was undoubtedly the era of the religious apotheosis of dirt. We shall not so quickly condemn the dirty men who had so great an influence on the development of the church and of society, if we look at them in the light of their own day instead of the light of ours. They tried honestly to separate themselves inwardly as well as outwardly from an immoral and pestiferous society, which lived in self-indulgence, and sought its pleasure in all sorts of interior filth. Bathing was rejected by them at the first because the sensuous delight and pleasure it gave in a hot Egyptian or Syrian air made it the perfection of bodily self-indulgence. The hermits had no quarrel with it because it made the outward flesh clean, but because it was there and then, quite as much as eating and drinking, one of the luxuries in which the flesh, which they had renounced at baptism, took the greatest delight. Attendance at the public baths—which, together with the circuses, were the centres of worldly dissipation in the Romanized cities of East and West—was prohibited to all Christians by repeated canonical legislation.

When the monks, in later times, studied the lives of the early solitaries of the fourth century, they were shocked at the discovery of their own declension from primitive dirt and purity. "Our fathers," says the Abbot Alexander, "never washed their faces, but we frequent the public baths." Mr. Lecky quotes from *The Spiritual Meadow* the significant story of Abbot Theodosius. At his urgent prayer God once suddenly opened a stream; as soon as his monks began to use it, not for drinking only, but *for washing*, the stream miraculously dried up. They had dug a pit in which to bathe themselves. As soon as they had filled up this incentive to luxury the water again flowed.

The only persons to whom bathing was actually prohibited by the legislation of the early church were the penitents and the catechumens. The penitents were ordered to refrain from the bath until the day of the absolution and restoration: their bodily uncleanness was to remain upon them as a symbol and reminder of their spiritual uncleanness. The catechumens who were under preparation for baptism at Easter were obliged to abstain from the bath throughout Lent, until the day on which the Saviour washed the feet of his apostles, Maundy-Thursday. This had become a fixed custom in the beginning of the fifth century, for the reason of it was one of those series of questions put by Januarius to St. Augustine, to which the great African gave those answers, so full of liberality and of common-sense, which compose his two long epistles *Ad Januarium* (54 and 55). "You ask me," he writes, "whence originated the custom of using the bath on that day. When I think over it, nothing occurs to me as more probable than that it was intended to avoid that offense to decency which must be given at the batismal font, if the bodies of those to whom it, as sacrament, is to be administered, are not cleansed on some preceding day from the uncleanness they have contracted through their long abstinence from washings during Lent. And this once granted to those who are about to receive baptism, others desired to join them in the luxury of a bath."

The East has been as conservative in the early cult of dirt as in so many other things. In a list of the sins of every-day life laid down for the Christians in Bulgaria, according to Messrs. St. Clair and Brophy, the fourth article, as late as 1869, still stood thus: "It is a sin to wash a child before he has come to the age of reason." The canonical age of reason is seven. The Bulgarian child has a bath of salt at his birth, but no other bath at all until seven years after. With the female Christian it seems to be even worse. The bride, on the Friday before her marriage, takes "for the first and the last time in her life" a complete bath; her two bride-maids may look on, but may not share in the ablution. Although until the seventh year a child may not be touched with water, the washing of face, hands, and feet is permitted after that period. The cleansing of the whole body, however, is regarded as a great sin either for male or female, with the single exception of the bride elect. Possibly the dirty habit is connected with some dread of washing away baptism. However, it is plain that in this case dirt must be considered as "next to godliness." All desire to be clean must still be reckoned by men and women now living, as by the ancient hermits in the Thebaid, as a lust of the flesh. According to the universal experience of mothers and nurses in the Western nations, expressed in so many nursery rhymes and tales and pictures, the very reverse is true. They tell us, and perhaps our own young recollections sanction their assertion, that a desire to remain dirty, a hatred of the bother and the pain of being cleansed, is an instinct of the natural man which reappears in each of the species from the day he feels the smart of soap and water or the rough pressure of a towel. "The little birds never cry!" said the perplexed nurse to her screaming charge. "Because they are never washed," the natural foe of soap incontinently and wittily replied.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

WITHIN the Strasburg Cathedral is the famous astronomical clock, the most celebrated that ever existed. It is about twenty feet high, and was preceded by another of monstrous size, of which nothing remains. The present clock at Strasburg was begun by Conradus Dasypodius, professor of mathematics, in 1571, and completed in 1574; and it is related that the original artisan of the clock (for several workmen were employed on it) became blind before he had completed his work; but, notwithstanding, he finished it himself, refusing to inform any one else of the design, and preferring to complete it, blind as he was.

In this curious piece of mechanism the revolutions of the sun, the moon, and the planets are marked down with scientific exactness; and the instruments of these motions are hid in the body of a pelican, which is portrayed under the globe on which the signs are seen. The eclipses which are to be seen for years to come are marked on it. On Sunday the sun is drawn about on his chariot till the day is spent, when he is drawn into another place; and as he disappears you have Monday—that is, the moon—and the horses of Mars's chariot showing forth their heads, and so on for every day in the week. There is a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you see every minute pass. Two beautiful figures of children are joined to either side of this. The one on the north side has a sceptre in his hand, and when the clock strikes he tells every stroke. The other, on the south side, holds an hour-glass in his hand, which runs exactly with the clock, and when the clock has struck he turns his glass. There are also four little bells, on which the quarters of an

hour are struck. At the first quarter comes forth a little boy, and strikes the first bell with an apple, and then goes and stays at the fourth bell until the next quarter. Then comes a youth, and he with a dart strikes two bells, and succeeds into the place of the child. At the third quarter comes a man-at-arms with a halberd in his hand, who strikes three bells, and then he succeeds to the place of the youth. At the fourth quarter comes an old man with a staff having a crook at the end, and he with much difficulty, being old, strikes the four bells, and stands at the fourth quarter till the next quarter. Immediately comes Death to strike the clock, who is in a room above the others: and you must understand that at each quarter he had come forth to try to carry away with him each of the former ages, but at the opposite end of the room where he is comes forth Christ, and drives him in; but, when the last quarter is heard, Christ gives him leave to go to the bell, which is in the midst, and so he strikes the proper hour with his bone, and stands at his bell till the next quarter. At noon the twelve apostles advance in succession to bend down before the figure of our Saviour, who gives them the benediction.

In a tower at the top of the clock there are pleasant chimes, which sound at three, seven, and eleven o'clock, each time in different tunes; and at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide they chime a thanksgiving unto Christ; and when this chime is finished a cock, which stands on the top of the tower, stretches out his neck, claps his wings, and crows three times.

This is said to be the most curious piece of clock-work in Europe, though there are many wonderful old clocks in different parts of the Continent, in the great cities and cathedrals.

(Continued from No. 869, page 748.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE DESERTED HUSBAND.

PHINEAS FINN had been in the gallery of the House throughout the debate, and was greatly grieved at Mr. Daubeny's success, though he himself had so strongly advocated the disestablishment of the Church in canvassing the electors of Tankerville. No doubt he had advocated the cause—but he had done so as an advanced member of the Liberal party, and he regarded the proposition when coming from Mr. Daubeny as a horrible and abnormal birth. He, however, was only a looker-on—could be no more than a looker-on for the existing short session. It had already been decided that the judge who was to try the case at Tankerville should visit that town early in January; and should it be decided on a scrutiny that the seat belonged to our hero, then he would enter upon his privilege in the following session without any further trouble to himself at Tankerville. Should this not be the case—then the abyss of absolute vacuity would be open before him. He would have to make some disposition of himself, but would be absolutely without an idea as to the how or where. He was in possession of funds to support himself for a year or two; but after that, and even during that time, all would be dark. If he should get his seat, then again the power of making an effort would at last be within his hands.

He had made up his mind to spend the Christmas with Lord Brentford and Lady Laura Kennedy at Dresden, and had already fixed the day of his arrival there. But this had been postponed by another invitation which had surprised him much, but which it had been impossible for him not to accept. It had come as follows:

"*November* 9, LOUGH LINTER.

"DEAR SIR,—I am informed by letter from Dresden that you are in London on your way to that city with the view of spending some days with the Earl of Brentford. You will, of course, be once more thrown into the society of my wife, Lady Laura Kennedy.

"I have never understood, and certainly have never sanctioned, that breach of my wife's marriage vow which has led to her withdrawal from my roof. I never bade her go, and I have bidden her return. Whatever may be her feelings, or mine, her duty demands her presence here, and my duty calls upon me to receive her. This I am, and always have been, ready to do. Were the laws of Europe sufficiently explicit and intelligible I should force her to return to my house—because she sins while she remains away, and I should sin were I to omit to use any means which the law might place in my hands for the due control of my own wife. I am very explicit to you, although we have of late been strangers, because in former days you were closely acquainted with the condition of my family affairs.

"Since my wife left me I have had no means of communicating with her by the assistance of any common friend. Having heard that you are about to visit her at Dresden, I feel a great desire to see you, that I may be enabled to send by you a personal message. My health, which is now feeble, and the altered habits of my life, render it almost impossible that I should proceed to London with this object, and I therefore ask it of your Christian charity that you should visit me here at Lough Linter. You, as a Roman Catholic, can not but hold the bond of matrimony to be irrefragable. You can not, at least, think that it should be set aside at the caprice of an excitable woman who is not able, and never has been able, to assign any reason for leaving the protection of her husband.

"I shall have much to say to you, and I trust you will come. I will not ask you to prolong your visit, as I have nothing to offer you in the way of amusement. My mother is with me, but otherwise I am alone. Since my wife left me I have not thought it even decent to entertain guests or to enjoy society. I have lived a widowed life. I can not even offer you shooting, as I have no keepers on the mountains. There are fish in the river, doubtless, for the gifts of God are given, let men be ever so unworthy; but this, I believe, is not the month for fishermen. I ask you to come to me not as a pleasure, but as a Christian duty. Yours truly,

"ROBERT KENNEDY.

"PHINEAS FINN, Esq."

As soon as he had read the letter Phineas felt that he had no alternative but to go. The visit would be very disagreeable, but it must be made. So he sent a line to Robert Kennedy naming a day, and wrote another to Lady Laura postponing his time at Dresden by a week, and explaining the cause of its postponement. As soon as the debate on the Address was over he started for Lough Linter.

A thousand memories crowded on his brain as he made the journey. Various circumstances had in his early life—in that period of his life which had lately seemed to be cut off from the remainder of his days by so clear a line—thrown him into close connection with this man, and with the man's wife. He had first gone to Lough Linter, not as Lady Laura's guest—for Lady Laura had not then been married, or even engaged to be married—but on her persuasion rather than on that of Mr. Kennedy. When there he had asked Lady Laura to be his own wife, and she had then told him that she was to become the wife of the owner of that domain. He remembered the blow as though it had been struck but yesterday, and yet the pain of the blow had not been long-enduring. But though then rejected, he had always been the chosen friend of the woman—a friend chosen after an especial fashion. When he had loved another woman this friend had resented his defection with all a woman's jealousy. He had saved the husband's life, and had then become also the husband's friend, after that cold fashion which an obligation will create. Then the husband had been jealous, and dissension had come, and the ill-matched pair had been divided, with absolute ruin to both of them, as far as the material comforts and well-being of life were concerned. Then he, too, had been ejected, as it were, out of the world, and it had seemed to him as though Laura Standish and Robert Kennedy had been the inhabitants of another hemisphere. Now he was about to see them both again, both separately, and to become the medium of some communication between them. He knew, or thought that he knew, that no communication could avail any thing.

It was dark night when he was driven up to the door of Lough Linter House in a fly from the town of Callender. When he first made the journey, now some six or seven years since, he had done so with Mr. Ratler, and he remembered well that circumstance. He remembered also that on his arrival Lady Laura had scolded him for having traveled in such company. She had desired him to seek other friends—friends higher in general estimation, and nobler in purpose. He had done so, partly at her instance, and with success. But Mr. Ratler was now somebody in the world, and he was nobody. And he remembered also how on that occasion he had been troubled in his mind in regard to a servant, not as yet knowing whether the usages of the world did or did not require that he should go so accompanied. He had taken the man, and had been thoroughly ashamed of himself for doing so. He had no servant now, no grandly developed luggage, no gun, no elaborate dress for the mountains. On that former occasion his heart had been very full when he reached Lough Linter, and his heart was full now. Then he had resolved to say a few words to Lady Laura, and he had hardly known how best to say them. Now he would be called upon to say a few to Lady Laura's husband, and the task would be almost as difficult.

The door was opened for him by an old servant in black, who proposed at once to show him to his room. He looked round the vast hall, which, when he had before known it, was ever filled with signs of life, and felt at once that it was empty and deserted. It struck him as intolerably cold, and he saw that the huge fireplace was without a spark of fire. Dinner, the servant said, was prepared for half past seven. Would Mr. Finn wish to dress? Of course he wished to dress. And as it was already past seven, he hurried up stairs to his room. Here again every thing was cold and wretched. There was no fire, and the man had left him with a single candle. There were candlesticks on the dressing-table, but they were empty. The man had suggested hot water, but the hot water did not come. In his poorest days he had never known discomfort such as this, and yet Mr. Kennedy was one of the richest commoners of Great Britain.

But he dressed, and made his way down stairs, not knowing where he should find his host or his host's mother. He recognized the different doors, and knew the rooms within them, but they seemed inhospitably closed against him, and he went and stood in the cold hall. But the man was watching for him, and led him into a small parlor. Then it was explained to him that Mr. Kennedy's state of health did not admit of late dinners. He was to dine alone, and Mr. Kennedy would receive him after dinner. In a moment his cheeks became red, and a flash of wrath crossed his heart. Was he to be treated in this way by a man on whose behalf—with no thought of his own comfort or pleasure—he had made this long and abominable journey? Might it not be well for him to leave the house without seeing Mr. Kennedy at all? Then he remembered that he had heard it whispered that the man had become bewildered in his mind. He relented, therefore, and condescended to eat his dinner.

A very poor dinner it was. There was a morsel of flabby white fish, as to the nature of which Phineas was altogether in doubt, a beef-steak as to the nature of which he was not at all in doubt, and a little crumpled-up tart which he thought the driver of the fly must have brought with him from the pastry-cook's at Callender. There was some very hot sherry, but not much of it. And there was a bottle of claret, as to which Phineas, who was not usually particular in the matter of wine, persisted in declining to have any thing to do with it after the first attempt. The gloomy old servant, who stuck to him during the repast, persisted in offering it, as though the credit of the hospitality of Lough Linter depended on it. There are so many men by whom the tenuis ratio saporum has not been achieved that the Caleb Baldersons of those houses in which plenty does not flow are almost justified in hoping that goblets of Gladstone may pass current. Phineas Finn was not a martyr to eating or drinking. He played with his fish without thinking much about it. He worked manfully at the steak. He gave another crumple to the tart, and left it without a pang. But when the old man urged him, for the third time, to take that pernicious draught with his cheese, he angrily demanded a glass of beer. The old man toddled out of the room, and on his return he proffered to him a diminutive glass of white spirit, which he called usquebaugh. Phineas, happy to get a little whisky, said nothing more about the beer, and so the dinner was over.

He rose so suddenly from his chair that the man did not dare to ask him whether he would not sit over his wine. A suggestion that way was indeed made—would he "visit the laird out o' hand, or would he bide awee?" Phineas decided on visiting the laird out of hand, and was at once led across the hall, down a back passage which he had never before traversed, and introduced to the chamber which had ever been known as the "laird's ain room." Here Robert Kennedy rose to receive him.

Phineas knew the man's age well. He was still under fifty, but he looked as though he were seventy. He had always been thin, but he was thinner now than ever. He was very gray, and stooped so much that, though he came forward a step or two to greet his guest, it seemed as though he had not taken the trouble to raise himself to his proper height. "You find me a much-altered man," he said. The change had been so great that it was impossible to deny it, and Phineas muttered something of regret that his host's health should be so bad. "It is trouble of the mind, not of the body, Mr. Finn. It is her doing—her doing. Life is not to me a light thing, nor are the obligations of life light. When I married a wife, she became bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. Can I lose my bones and my flesh—knowing that they are not with God, but still subject elsewhere to the snares of the devil, and live as though I were a sound man? Had she died, I could have borne it. I hope they have made you comfortable, Mr. Finn?"

"Oh yes," said Phineas.

"Not that Lough Linter can be comfortable now to any one. How can a man whose wife has deserted him entertain his guests? I am ashamed even to look a friend in the face, Mr. Finn." As he said this he stretched forth his open hand as though to hide his countenance, and Phineas hardly knew whether the absurdity of the movement or the tragedy of the feeling struck him the more forcibly. "What did I do that she should leave me? Did I strike her? Was I faithless? Had she not the half of all that was mine? Did I frighten her by hard words, or exact hard task? Did I not commune with her, telling her all my most inward purposes? In things of this world, and of that better world that is coming, was she not all in all to me? Did I not make her my very wife? Mr. Finn, do you know what made her go away?" He had asked perhaps a dozen questions. As to the eleven which came first, it was evident that no answer was required; and they had been put with that pathetic dignity with which it is so easy to invest the interrogatory form of address. But to the last question it was intended that Phineas should give an answer, as Phineas presumed at once; and then it was asked with a wink of the eye, a low, eager voice, and a sly twist of the face that were frightfully ludicrous. "I suppose you do know," said Mr. Kennedy, again working his eye and thrusting his chin forward.

"I imagine that she was not happy."

"Happy? What right had she to expect to be happy? Are we to believe that we should be happy here? Are we not told that we are to look for happiness there, and to hope for none below?" As he said this he stretched his left hand to the ceiling. "But why shouldn't she have been happy? What did she want? Did she ever say any thing against me, Mr. Finn?"

"Nothing but this—that your temper and hers were incompatible."

"I thought at one time that you advised her to go away?"

"Never!"

"She told you about it?"

"Not, if I remember, till she had made up her mind, and her father had consented to receive her. I had known, of course, that things were unpleasant."

"How were they unpleasant? Why were they unpleasant? She wouldn't let you come and dine with me in London. I never knew why that was. When she did what was wrong, of course I had to tell her. Who else should tell her but her husband? If you had been her husband, and I only an acquaintance, then I might have said what I pleased. They rebel against the yoke because it is a yoke. And yet they accept the yoke, knowing it to be a yoke. It comes of the devil. You think a priest can put every thing right."

"No, I don't," said Phineas.

"Nothing can put you right but the fear of God; and when a woman is too proud to ask for that, evils like these are sure to come. She would not go to church on Sunday afternoon, but had meetings of Belial at her father's house instead." Phineas well remembered those meetings of Belial, in which he with others had been wont to discuss the political prospects of the day. "When she persisted in breaking the Lord's commandment, and defiling the Lord's day, I knew well what would come of it."

"I am not sure, Mr. Kennedy, that a husband is justified in demanding that a wife shall think just as he thinks on matters of religion. If he is particular about it, he should find all that out before."

"Particular! God's word is to be obeyed, I suppose?"

"But people doubt about God's word."

"Then people will be damned," said Mr. Kennedy, rising from his chair. "And they will be damned."

"A woman doesn't like to be told so."

"I never told her so. I never said any thing of the kind. I never spoke a hard word to her in my life. If her head did but ache I hung over her with the tenderest solicitude. I refused her nothing. When I found that she was impatient, I chose the shortest sermon for our Sunday evening's worship, to the great discomfort of my mother." Phineas wondered whether this assertion as to the discomfort of old Mrs. Kennedy could possibly be true. Could it be that any human being really preferred a long sermon to a short one, except the being who preached it or read it aloud? "There was nothing that I did not do for her. I suppose you really do know why she went away, Mr. Finn?"

"I know nothing more than I have said."

"I did think once that she was—"

"There was nothing more than I have said," asserted Phineas, sternly, fearing that the poor insane man was about to make some suggestion that would be terribly painful. "She felt that she did not make you happy."

"I did not want her to make me happy. I do not expect to be made happy. I wanted her to do her duty. You were in love with her once, Mr. Finn?"

"Yes, I was. I was in love with Lady Laura Standish."

"Ah! Yes. There was no harm in that, of course; only when any thing of that kind happens, people had better keep out of each other's way afterward. Not that I was ever jealous, you know."

"I should hope not."

"But I don't see why you should go all the way to Dresden to pay her a visit. What good can that do? I think you had much better stay where you are, Mr. Finn; I do indeed. It isn't a decent thing for a young unmarried man to go half across Europe to see a lady who is separated from her husband, and who was once in love with him—I mean he was once in love with her. It's a very wicked thing, Mr. Finn, and I have to beg that you will not do it."

Phineas felt that he had been grossly taken in. He had been asked to come to Lough Linter in order that he might take a message from the husband to the wife, and now the husband made use of his compliance to forbid the visit on some grotesque score of jealousy. He knew that the man was mad, and that therefore he ought not to be angry; but the man was not too mad to require a rational answer, and had some method in his madness.

"Lady Laura Kennedy is living with her father," said Phineas.

"Pshaw!—dotard!"

"Lady Laura Kennedy is living with her father," repeated Phineas, "and I am going to the house of the Earl of Brentford."

"Who was it wrote and asked you?"

"The letter was from Lady Laura."

"Yes—from my wife. What right has my wife to write to you when she will not even answer my appeals? She is my wife—my wife! In the presence of God she and I have been made one, and even man's ordinances have not dared to separate us. Mr. Finn, as the husband of Lady Laura Kennedy, I desire that you abstain from seeking her presence." As he said this he rose from his chair, and took the poker in his hand. The chair in which he was sitting was placed in, upon the rug, and it might be that the fire required his attention. As he stood bending down, with the poker in his right hand, with his eye still fixed on his guest's face, his purpose was doubtful. The motion might be a threat, or simply have a useful domestic tendency. But Phineas, believing that the man was mad, rose from his seat and stood upon his guard. The point of the poker had undoubtedly been raised; but as Phineas stretched himself to his height it fell gradually toward the fire, and at last was buried very gently among the coals. But he was never convinced that Mr. Kennedy had carried out the purpose with which he first rose from his chair. "After what passed, you will no doubt abandon your purpose," said Mr. Kennedy.

"I shall certainly go to Dresden," said Phineas. "If you have a message to send, I will take it."

"Then you will be accursed among adulterers," said the laird of Lough Linter. "By such a one I will send no message. From the first moment that I saw you I knew you for a child of Apollyon. But the sin was my own. Why did I ask to my house an idolater, one who pretends to believe that a crumb of bread is my God,

a Papist, untrue alike to his country and to his Saviour? When she desired it of me, I knew that I was wrong to yield. Yes, it is you who have done it all—you, you, you; and if she be a castaway, the weight of her soul will be doubly heavy on your own."

To get out of the room, and then, at the earliest possible hour of the morning, out of the house, were now the objects to be attained. That his presence had had a peculiarly evil influence on Mr. Kennedy, Phineas could not doubt; as assuredly the unfortunate man would not have been left with mastery over his own actions had his usual condition been such as that which he now displayed. He had been told that "poor Kennedy" was mad—as we are often told of the madness of our friends when they cease for a while to run in the common grooves of life. But the madman had now gone a long way out of the grooves—so far that he seemed to Phineas to be decidedly dangerous. "I think I had better wish you good-night," he said.

"Look here, Mr. Finn."

"Well!"

"I hope you won't go and make more mischief."

"I shall not do that, certainly."

"You won't tell her what I have said?"

"I shall tell her nothing to make her think that your opinion of her is less high than it ought to be."

"Good-night."

"Good-night," said Phineas, again; and then he left the room. It was as yet but nine o'clock, and he had no alternative but to go to bed. He found his way back into the hall, and from thence up to his own chamber. But there was no fire there, and the night was cold. He went to the window, and raised it for a moment, that he might hear the well-remembered sound of the Fall of Linter. Though the night was dark and wintry, a dismal damp November night, he would have crept out of the house and made his way up to the top of the brae, for the sake of auld lang syne, had he not feared that the inhospitable mansion would be permanently closed against him on his return. He rang the bell once, and twice, and after a while the old serving-man came to him. Could he have a cup of tea? The man shook his head, and feared that no boiling water could be procured at that late hour of the night. Could he have his breakfast the next morning at seven, and a conveyance to Callender at half past seven? When the old man again shook his head, seeming to be dazed at the enormity of the demand, Phineas insisted that his request should be conveyed to the master of the house. As to the breakfast, he said he did not care about it, but the conveyance he must have. He did, in fact, obtain both, and left the house early on the following morning without again seeing Mr. Kennedy, and without having spoken a single word to Mr. Kennedy's mother. And so great was his hurry to get away from the place which had been so disagreeable to him, and which he thought might possibly become more so, that he did not even run across the sward that divided the gravel sweep from the foot of the water-fall.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRUANT WIFE.

PHINEAS on his return to London wrote a line to Lady Chiltern in accordance with a promise which had been exacted from him. She was anxious to learn something as to the real condition of her husband's brother-in-law, and, when she heard that Phineas was going to Lough Linter, had begged that he would tell her the truth. "He has become eccentric, gloomy, and very strange," said Phineas. "I do not believe that he is really mad, but his condition is such that I think no friend should recommend Lady Laura to return to him. He seems to have devoted himself to a gloomy religion, and to the saving of money. I had but one interview with him, and that was essentially disagreeable." Having remained two days in London, and having participated, as far as those two days would allow him, in the general horror occasioned by the wickedness and success of Mr. Daubeny, he started for Dresden.

He found Lord Brentford living in a spacious house, with a huge garden round it, close upon the northern confines of the town. Dresden, taken altogether, is a clean, cheerful city, and strikes the stranger on his first entrance as a place in which men are gregarious, busy, full of merriment, and pre-eminently social. Such is the happy appearance of but few towns either in the Old or the New World, and is hardly more common in Germany than elsewhere. Leipsic is decidedly busy, but does not look to be social. Vienna is sufficiently gregarious, but its streets are melancholy. Munich is social, but lacks the hum of business. Frankfort is both practical and picturesque, but it is dirty, and apparently averse to mirth. Dresden has much to recommend it; and had Lord Brentford with his daughter come abroad in quest of comfortable, easy, social life, his choice would have been well made. But, as it was, any of the towns above named would have suited him as well as Dresden, for he saw no society, and cared nothing for the outward things of the world around him. He found Dresden to be very cold in the winter and very hot in the summer, and he liked neither heat nor cold; but he had made up his mind that all places, and indeed all things, are nearly equally disagreeable, and therefore he remained at Dresden, grumbling almost daily as to the climate and manners of the people.

Phineas, when he arrived at the hall door, almost doubted whether he had not been as wrong in visiting Lord Brentford as he had in going to Lough Linter. His friendship with the old Earl had been very fitful, and there had been quarrels quite as pronounced as the friendship. He had often been happy in the Earl's house, but the happiness had not sprung from any love for the man himself. How would it be with him if he found the Earl hardly more civil to him than the Earl's son-in-law had been? In former days the Earl had been a man quite capable of making himself disagreeable, and probably had not yet lost the power of doing so. Of all our capabilities this is the one which clings longest to us. He was thinking of all this when he found himself at the door of the Earl's house. He had traveled all night, and was very cold. At Leipsic there had been a nominal twenty minutes for refreshment, which the circumstances of the station had reduced to five. This had occurred very early in the morning, and had sufficed only to give him a bowl of coffee. It was now nearly ten, and breakfast had become a serious consideration with him. He almost doubted whether it would not have been better for him to have gone to a hotel in the first instance.

He soon found himself in the hall amidst a cluster of servants, among whom he recognized the face of a man from Saulsby. He had, however, little time allowed him for looking about. He was hardly in the house before Lady Laura Kennedy was in his arms. She had run forward, and, before he could look into her face, she had put up her cheek to his lips and had taken both his hands. "Oh, my friend," she said; "oh, my friend! How good you are to come to me! How good you are to come!" And then she led him into a large room, in which a table had been prepared for breakfast, close to an English-looking open fire. "How cold you must be, and how hungry! Shall I have breakfast for you at once, or will you dress first? You are to be quite at home, you know; exactly as though we were brother and sister. You are not to stand on any ceremonies." And again she took him by the hand. He had hardly looked her yet in the face, and he could not do so now because he knew that she was crying. "Then I will show you to your room," she said, when he had decided for a tub of water before breakfast. "Yes, I will—my own self. And I'd fetch the water for you, only I know it is there already. How long will you be? Half an hour? Very well. And you would like tea best, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly, I should like tea best."

"I will make it for you. Papa never comes down till near two, and we shall have all the morning for talking. Oh, Phineas, it is such a pleasure to hear your voice again. You have been at Lough Linter?"

"Yes, I have been there."

"How very good of you; but I won't ask a question now. You must put up with a stove here, as we have not open fires in the bedrooms. I hope you will be comfortable. Don't be more than half an hour, as I shall be impatient."

Though he was thus instigated to haste, he stood a few minutes with his back to the warm stove that he might be enabled to think of it all. It was two years since he had seen this woman, and when they had parted there had been more between them of the remembrances of old friendship than of present affection. During the last few weeks of their intimacy she had made a point of telling him that she intended to separate herself from her husband; but she had done so as though it were a duty, and an arranged part of her own defense of her own conduct. And in the latter incidents of her London life—that life with which he had been conversant—she had generally been opposed to him, or, at any rate, had chosen to be divided from him. She had said severe things to him, telling him that he was cold, heartless, and uninterested, never trying even to please him with that sort of praise which had once been so common with her in her intercourse with him, and which all men love to hear from the mouths of women. She had then been cold to him, though she would make wretched allusions to the time when he, at any rate, had not been cold to her. She had reproached him, and had at the same time turned away from him. She had repudiated him, first as a lover, then as a friend; and he had hitherto never been able to gauge the depth of the affection for him which had underlaid all her conduct. As he stood there thinking of it all, he began to understand it.

How natural had been her conduct on his arrival, and how like that of a genuine, true-hearted, honest woman! All her first thoughts had been for his little personal wants, that he should be warmed, and fed, and made outwardly comfortable. Let sorrow be ever so deep, and love ever so true, a man will be cold who travels by winter, and hungry who has traveled by night. And a woman, who is a true, genuine woman, always takes delight in ministering to the natural wants of her friend. To see a man eat and drink, and wear his slippers, and sit at ease in his chair, is delightful to the feminine heart that loves. When I heard the other day that a girl had herself visited the room prepared for a man in her mother's house, then I knew that she loved him, though I had never before believed it. Phineas, as he stood there, was aware that this woman loved him dearly. She had embraced him, and given her face to him to kiss. She had clasped his hands, and clung to him, and had shown him plainly that in the midst of all her sorrow she could be made happy by his coming. But he was a man far too generous to take all this as meaning aught that it did not mean—too generous, and intrinsically too manly. In his character there was much of weakness, much of vacillation, perhaps some deficiency of strength and purpose; but there was no touch of vanity. Women had loved him, and had told him so; and he had been made happy, and also wretched, by their love. But he had never taken pride, personally, to himself because they had loved him. It had been the accident of his life. Now he remembered chiefly that this woman had called herself his sister, and he was grateful.

Then he thought of her personal appearance. As yet he had hardly looked at her, but he felt that she had become old and worn, angular and hard-visaged. All this had no effect upon his feelings toward her, but filled him with ineffable regret. When he had first known her she had been a woman with a noble presence—not soft and feminine as had been Violet Effingham, but handsome and lustrous, with a healthy youth. In regard to age he and she were of the same standing. That he knew well. She had passed her thirty-second birthday, but that was all. He felt himself to be still a young man, but he could not think of her as of a young woman.

When he went down she had been listening for his footsteps, and met him at the door of the room. "Now sit down," she said, "and be comfortable—if you can, with German surroundings. They are almost always late, and never give one any time. Every body says so. The station at Leipsic is dreadful, I know. Good coffee is very well, but what is the use of good coffee if you have no time to drink it? You must eat our omelette. If there is one thing we can do better than you, it is to make an omelette. Yes, that is genuine German sausage. There is always some placed upon the table; but the Germans who come here never touch it themselves. You will have a cutlet, won't you? I breakfasted an hour ago, and more. I would not wait, because then I thought I could talk to you better, and wait upon you. I did not think that any thing would ever please me so much again as your coming has done. Oh, how much we shall have to say! Do you remember when we last parted—when you were going back to Ireland?"

"I remember it well."

"Ah me; as I look back upon it all, how strange it seems. I dare say you don't remember the first day I met you at Mr. Mildmay's—when I asked you to come to Portman Square because Barrington had said that you were clever?"

"I remember well going to Portman Square."

"That was the beginning of it all. Oh dear, oh dear; when I think of it, I find it so hard to see where I have been right, and where I have been wrong. If I had not been very wrong, all this evil could not have come upon me."

"Misfortune has not always been deserved."

"I am sure it has been so with me. You can smoke here if you like." This Phineas persistently refused to do. "You may if you please. Papa never comes in here, and I don't mind it. You'll settle down in a day or two, and understand the extent of your liberties. Tell me first about Violet. She is happy?"

"Quite happy, I think."

"I knew he would be good to her. But does she like the kind of life?"

"Oh yes."

"She has a baby, and therefore, of course, she is happy. She says he is the finest fellow in the world."

"I dare say he is. They all seem to be contented with him, but they don't talk much about him."

"No; they wouldn't. Had you a child you would have talked about him, Phineas. I should have loved my baby better than all the world, but I should have been silent about him. With Violet of course her husband is the first object. It would certainly be so from her nature. And so Oswald is quite tame?"

"I don't know that he is very tame out hunting."

"But to her?"

"I should think always. She, you know, is very clever."

"So clever!"

"And would be sure to steer clear of all offense," said Phineas, enthusiastically.

"While I could never for an hour avoid it. Did they say any thing about the journey to Flanders?"

"Chiltern did, frequently. He made me strip my shoulder to show him the place where he hit me."

"How like Oswald!"

"And he told me that he would have given one of his eyes to kill me, only Colepepper wouldn't let him go on. He half quarreled with his second, but the man told him that I had not fired at him, and the thing must drop. 'It's better as it is, you know,' he said. And I agreed with him."

"And how did Violet receive you?"

"Like an angel—as she is."

"Well, yes. I'll grant she is an angel now. I was angry with her once, you know. You men find so many angels in your travels. You have been honester than some. You have generally been off with the old angel before you were on with the new—as far at least as I knew."

"Is that meant for rebuke, Lady Laura?"

"No, my friend; no. That is all over. I said to myself when you told me that you would come, that I would not utter one ill-natured word. And I told myself more than that."

"What more?"

"That you had never deserved it—at least from me. But surely you were the most simple of men."

"I dare say."

"Men when they are true are simple. They are often false as hell, and then they are crafty as Lucifer. But the man who is true judges others by himself—almost without reflection. A woman can be true as steel and cunning at the same time. How cunning was Violet, and yet she never deceived one of her lovers, even by a look. Did she?"

"She never deceived me—if you mean that. She never cared a straw about me, and told me so to my face very plainly."

"She did care—many straws. But I think she always loved Oswald. She refused him again and again, because she thought it wrong to run a great risk, but I knew she would never marry any one else. How little Lady Baldock understood her. Fancy your meeting Lady Baldock at Oswald's house!"

"Fancy Augusta Boreham turning nun!"

"How exquisitely grotesque it must have been when she made her complaint to you."

"I pitied her with all my heart."

"Of course you did, because you are so soft. And now, Phineas, we will put it off no longer. Tell me all that you have to tell me about him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

COULD a man exist for any length of time in an atmosphere corresponding in pressure to only four or five inches of the common barometer? or could any race of men, after a gradual process of acclimatization, become enabled not merely to live in such an atmosphere, but to thrive as a race, to undergo ordinary labors, to travel without being easily exhausted, and, if need were, to defend themselves against their enemies or from sudden natural dangers? The experiment has never yet been tried. Nor is it easy to see how it could be. Aeronauts have reached a height where the atmospheric pressure has been reduced to below seven inches of the common barometer; but in attaining this height they were exposed to other effects than those due to the mere tenuity of the atmosphere. We refer here to the celebrated ascent by Coxwell and Glaisher, on July 17, 1862, when the enormous elevation of 37,000 feet was attained, or nearly two miles above the summit of the loftiest mountain of the earth. But although the circumstances of such an ascent do not altogether correspond to those depending solely on atmospheric rarity, it is probable that the most remarkable effects result from this cause, and therefore it will be well to consider what happened to the aeronauts in this journey. "Previous to the start," says Flammarion, in a work edited by Mr. Glaisher, "Glaisher's pulse stood at 76 beats a minute, Mr. Coxwell's at 74. At 17,000 feet the pulse of the former was at 84, of the latter at 100. At 19,000 feet Glaisher's hands and lips were quite blue, but not his face." At this height the atmospheric pressure was reduced to about one-half the pressure at the sea-level; in other words, the pressure corresponded to about fourteen and a half inches of the mercurial barometer. After passing beyond this height distressing symptoms were experienced by both aeronauts. "At 21,000 feet Glaisher heard his heart beating, and his breathing was becoming oppressed; at 29,000 feet he became senseless, and only returned to himself when the balloon had come down again to the same level. At 37,000 feet Coxwell could no longer use his hands, and was obliged to pull the string of the valve with his teeth. A few minutes later he would have swooned, and probably lost his life."

The barometer stood nearly seven inches high when they began to descend, at which time Glaisher was nearly two miles above his fainting level, while Coxwell was all but powerless. And then it is to be remembered, as Flammarion well remarks, that in balloon ascents "the explorer remains motionless, expending little or none of his strength, and he can therefore reach a greater elevation before feeling the disturbance which brings to a halt at a far lower level the traveler who ascends by the sole strength of his muscles the steep sides of a mountain." What would be the state of a traveler having to exert himself in an atmosphere reduced to five-sevenths of the density of the air in which Coxwell was just able to save his own life and Glaisher's—literally "by the skin of his teeth?"

THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF BIRDS.

THE *Popular Science Review* for July contains some interesting but too brief remarks by Mr. Leith Adams on the "Mental Powers of Birds," which it is interesting to define specifically as distinguished from the mental powers of other animals of the higher order of sagacity. This we will briefly do. First, it would appear from Mr. Darwin's discussions—though Mr. Leith Adams hardly refers to them—that none of the lower orders of creatures have so keen an appreciation of beauty as many kinds of birds, and certainly that none turn this taste for beauty so deliberately to the purpose of social amusement. That great naturalist has described how some kinds of birds really celebrate festivities very closely approaching to our wedding fêtes, balls, and garden parties, in places carefully decorated and arranged by the birds for the purpose of social gatherings, and which are not used for their actual dwelling-places. The best evidence, says Mr. Darwin, of a taste for the beautiful "is afforded by the three genera of Australian bower-birds." "Their bowers where the sexes congregate and play strange antics are differently constructed; but what most concerns us is that they are decorated in a different manner by the different species. The satin bower-bird collects gayly colored articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parrakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs, or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould found in one bower a neatly worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. These objects are continually rearranged and carried about by the birds while at play. The bower of the spotted bower-bird is beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse. Round stones are used to keep the grass stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower. The stones and shells are often brought from a great distance. The regent-bird, as described by Mr.

Ramsay, ornaments its short bower with bleached land-shells belonging to five or six species, and 'with berries of various colors, blue, red, and black, which give it, when fresh, a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there are several newly picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish color, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful.' Well may Mr. Gould say, 'these highly decorated halls of assembly must be regarded as the most wonderful instances of bird architecture yet discovered;' and the taste, we see, of the several species certainly differs." You could not have distincter evidence in a lady's salon carefully decorated with flowers, either of her taste for the beautiful, or of the deliberate subordination of that taste to social purposes, than we have here of the same qualities in birds. Mr. Leith Adams in his paper hardly refers, as we have already observed, to this remarkable class of facts at all, only pointing out that the obvious preference for gayly colored plumage on the part of the females clearly implies a genuine taste for the beautiful in birds, which is, of course, true, but is not nearly as good evidence of a distinct intellectual development on this point as the elaborate decoration of their bowers by birds for festive purposes. The mere preference of gay colors may be unconscious and purely instinctive, but when a bird looks out for bleached land-shells and tall grasses to ornament its reception-room, and fetches round stones to "fix" the grasses in their proper place, and then uses the hall thus provided only for festive social purposes, you can hardly deny such birds either the powers or the tastes of landscape gardeners and ball givers. And we fancy this kind of deliberate taste for the beautiful, and the beautiful in subordination to social purposes, is confined among the lower animals to birds; and, as regards the social purposes, to a very few orders of birds. A great many birds seem to have more appreciation of beauty of color than almost any other class of animals, but only in a few species has it risen to the point of a really decorative social art. We may gather from this that in the bird the perception of harmony is of a very high kind, and this evidently applies to sound as well as color. No creatures utter sounds so full of beauty, or display such wonderful qualifications for imitating the beautiful sounds they hear. Must we not say, then, that the bird has, in more force than any other species of the lower animals, the perception of harmony in forms, colors, and sounds, and the further consciousness of the fascination such harmony has for its own species, and the enhancement it lends to social enjoyments?

Another great mental quality which birds seem to have in excess of other animals, is a very fine calculation of distance, and this, too, in direct subordination to their own well-being. It has been shown again and again—and Mr. Leith Adams refers to some facts in support of it in this essay—that as new weapons of offense are invented, many species of birds narrowly observe the range of the new bows or guns, and keep out of range, not even troubling themselves to go at all farther than is necessary to be out of range. Quite recently we have read of some birds which adapted themselves within a few days to the increased range of the rifle, directly after they had learned its range for the first time, having been previously accustomed only to the fowling-piece, and kept just outside the two thousand yards' range, or whatever range it was, retaining their composure perfectly at that distance. We suppose the wonderful accuracy of the traveling birds in striking the exact point for which they are bound, of which Mr. Leith Adams gives us wonderful illustrations, is a still greater proof of the same power. Mr. Adams tells us of swifts which, after eight months' absence in the South, —at a distance of some 1800 or 1900 miles—return not merely to the same region, but to the same nests which they had deserted, and that, too, year after year—the individuals having been marked so that there could be no mistake as to their identity, unless indeed there be such creatures as "claimants" to abandoned nests even in the ornithological world. Again, the delicate adaptation of the power of geometrical measurement to the welfare of its species seems to be shown by the weaver-bird of India, which hangs its "elaborately constructed, purse-shaped nest" "from the tops of branches overhanging deep wells," in order to render it particularly difficult for enemies to get at the nest without running a great risk of falling into the well.

(Continued from No. 870, page 763.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Did I speak once angrily, all the drear days
You lived, you woman I loved so well,
Who married the other? Blame or praise,
Where was the use then? Time would tell,
And the end declare what man for you,
What woman for me, was the choice of God."

THROUGH the dull days of November, into the dreary midwinter, Malcolm Forde lived in the little village of Hetheridge, and in his lonely walks every day, and often twice a day, beheld the walls that shut Elizabeth from all the outer world. Christmas had come and gone—a strangely quiet Christmas—and he had not yet seen Dr. Cameron's patient, though he had been favored with several brief interviews with the doctor, who had cheered him lately with the intelligence that all was going well; there had been lately decided signs of improvement; the patient had been allowed to mingle a little with the sanest among her fellow-patients, had assisted at their little weekly dance, though that modest festival had not appeared to make much impression upon her; she had stared at the long lighted music-room and the people dancing in smartened morning-dress and various-colored gloves wonderingly, and had asked if it were a servants' ball. But she had been latterly more amenable to reason; the nurses complained less of her violence; she had been taken for an airing in the grounds on fine days, and would go out in the carriage as soon as the weather grew a little milder. Altogether, the account was cheering, and Mr. Forde was fain to be satisfied, and to thank God for so much mercy in answer to his prayers.

He was not quite idle even at Hetheridge, but had made friends with the incumbent of the little rustic church and helped him with his duty, and made himself an awakening influence even in this narrow circle. He visited the poor, and catechised the children on Sunday afternoons, and very much lightened the burden of the perpetual curate of Hetheridge, who was an elderly man with a chronic asthma. This work, and long hours of quiet study deep into the winter's night, made his life tolerable to him—made it easy to wait and watch and hope for the hour of Elizabeth's recovery.

And when she should have recovered—what then?

Why, then she would go back to her husband, and to her old worldly life, most likely, and grow weary of it again. Oh no, he would not believe this. He would hope that by God's blessing this dismal warning would not have been sent in vain, that she would begin an entirely new life, a life of unselfishness and good works, a life brightened by faith and prayer, a life which should be her apprenticeship to Christianity, her education for the world to come.

This was what he hoped for, this was the end to which he looked forward, after that blessed day when she should stand before him in her right mind.

This consummation seemed to be a little nearer by-and-by, when Dr. Cameron said that, if Miss Luttrell would procure a line from Lord Paulyn giving his consent to an interview with the patient, he, the doctor, would sanction such an interview in the course of the following week.

"Do you mean to say that it is necessary to obtain Lord Paulyn's consent before his afflicted wife can be allowed to see her own sister, her nearest surviving relative?" asked Malcolm, with a touch of indignation.

"Unquestionably, my dear Sir," answered the doctor. "Lord Paulyn placed this dear lady in my care, and I have no right to permit her to see any one, even her nearest of kin, until I am certain of his approval. The bond between man and wife, my dear Sir—as I need hardly suggest to a gentleman of your sacred calling—is above all other ties."

"Yes; and as interpreted by the common law of England, is sometimes a curious bondage," said Mr. Forde, bitterly; "separating a woman from all that was dear to her in the past, encompassing her life with a boundary which no one shall cross—let her suffer what she may—except her sufferings assume that special shape which the makers of the divorce law have taken into consideration. Thus, a man may break his wife's heart, but must not break her bones, in the presence of witnesses."

"Lord Paulyn has been a most devoted husband, I believe," said Dr. Cameron, with a disapproving air.

"I have no reason to believe otherwise. Only it seems rather hard that your patient can not see her sister without her husband's permission. It is taking no account of all her past life. And there may be some delay in obtaining this consent, unless you can give Miss Luttrell her brother-in-law's address."

"Lord Paulyn was in Rome when I last heard from him," replied Dr. Cameron, with an agreeable recollection of his lordship's communication, which had been merely an envelope inclosing a check. "If it will save Miss Luttrell trouble, I shall be happy to write to him myself. Of course such an appeal to his wishes is a mere point of ceremony, but one which I feel myself bound to observe."

"You are very good. Yes, if you will write I am sure Miss Luttrell will be obliged to you."

It was settled, therefore, that Dr. Cameron should apply for the required permission, and Gertrude must await the answer to his letter, however tardily Lord Paulyn might reply.

The week spoken of by the physician came and went, and he acknowledged that his patient was now well enough to see her sister, but there was no answer from Rome.

The Viscount had gone elsewhither, perhaps, and the doctor's letter was following by the slow foreign stages.

This delay seemed a hard thing to Malcolm Forde, almost harder to bear than the long period of doubt and fear, when at each new visit to the physician he had dreaded to hear the patient pronounced incurable. Now when God had given her back to them—for these first slow signs of improvement he accepted as the promise of speedy cure—man interposed with his petty forms and ceremonies, and said, "She shall languish alone; the slow dawn of sense shall show her nothing but strange faces; the first glimmer of awakening reason shall find her in loneliness and abandonment; the first thought her mind shall shape shall be to think herself forgotten by all her little world, put away from them like a leper, to live or die as God pleases, without their love or their help."

It was in vain that he pleaded with Dr. Cameron.

"I would rather wait for the letter," the kind-hearted physician said, in his mild, gentleman-like way. "A little delay will do no harm. The mind is certainly recovering its balance, and I hope great things from the return of mild weather. I have given Lady Paulyn new apartments—those small changes are sometimes beneficial—and a piano; the exciting tendency of music was a point to be avoided until now; and I have changed her nurses. Poor thing, she fancied the last were unkind; the merest delusion, as they were women of the highest character, and peculiarly skilled in their avocation."

Another week went by, and there was still no communication from Lord Paulyn. Dr. Cameron had written again, at Mr. Forde's earnest request, and Gertrude had also written, but there was no answer to either letter. Malcolm Forde paced the lonely road outside the fences of Hetheridge Park for hours together in the dull February afternoons, saw the fire-light shining from the distant windows of the Hall, which looked a comfortable mansion as its many lattices shone out upon the wintry dusk; a mansion in which one could fancy happy home-like scenes; the patter of childish feet on polished oak staircases, fresh young voices singing old ballads in the gloaming; lovers snatching brief glimpses of Paradise in shadowy corridors, from the light touch of a little hand or the shy murmur of two rosy lips; all sweet things that wait upon youth and hope and love, instead of madmen's disjointed dreams, and the tramping to and fro of weary feet that know not whither they would go.

He could only watch and wait and hope and pray, pray that the return of reason might restore her to peace and a calmer, loftier frame of mind than she had ever known yet. For his own part he had never even hinted a wish to see her. Indeed, he did hardly desire to see that too lovely face again, most lovely to him even in its decay. It would be enough for him to hear of her from Gertrude; enough for him to have secured her the consolation of a sister's companionship; and by-and-by, when she was restored to health and released from her captivity—a captivity which should not last an hour longer than was necessary, Dr. Cameron assured him—he could go back to his distant vineyard, with his soul at peace. In the mean time it was his duty to watch for her and care for her, as a brother might have done.

CHAPTER XV.

"Look on me! There is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of withered, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names."

ELIZABETH was better. The time had come when she could shape her thoughts into words; when Dr. Cameron's kind face, smiling gently at her, had become something more than a picture; when it had ceased also to recall to her first one person, then another, faintly remembered among the hazy crowd of former acquaintance, the people she had known in the Park Lane period of her life. The time had come at last when she knew him as her custodian; though why he should be so, she knew not, nor yet the meaning of her imprisonment. But he seemed to her a person in authority, and to him she appealed against her nurses, telling him that they had been cruel to her, more cruel than words could speak, especially her words, poor soul! which came tremulously from the pale lips, and were apt to shape disjointed phrases. The nurses strenuously denied the truth of this accusation: whereupon Dr. Cameron gently shook his head, as who should say, "Poor soul, poor soul! we know how much significance to attach to her complaints; but we may as well humor her." So Nurse Barber and Nurse Lucas were passed on to another patient in the preliminary and violent stage, and Lady Paulyn was now so fortunate as to be committed to the care of a soft-hearted, low-voiced little woman who had none of the vices of the Gamp sisterhood. This change, and a change in her apartments to rooms with a southern aspect, looking out upon a flower garden, produced a favorable effect. The patient began to sleep a little at night, awoke from wild dreams of the past, recognized the blank lonely present, and knew that she was severed from all she had ever loved; knew that her dead were verily dead, and that the voices she had heard in all those long winter nights had been only dream voices.

Memory was slow to return, and the power of consecutive thought. Ideas flashed across her brain like lightning, and ideas that were for the greater part false. Her mind was like a diamond-cut crystal reflecting gleams of many-colored light, or like a kaleidoscope in which thought was forever running from one form into another. Her brain was never quiet. It thought and thought, and invented and imagined, but rarely remembered, or only remembered the remote past; and even in those memories fact was mixed with fiction. Books that had impressed her long ago were as much a portion of her life as the actual events of the past; and even in her broken memories of books, imagination bewildered and deceived her. There were poems of Byron's, the "Giaour," the "Prisoner of Chillon," which in her girlhood she had been able to repeat from the first line to the last. She could remember a line here and there now, and murmured it to herself sadly, again and again. And out of this grew a fancy that she had known Byron, that she had met him in Italy and in Greece, had stood upon the sea-shore at Lerici when the white-sailed bark that held genius and Shelley vanished from the storm-swept waters. This and a hundred other such fancies filled her brain. She left off thinking of Malcolm Forde, to think of beings she had never known, creatures of her wild imagining.

Left to the companionship of a nurse whose ideas rarely soared above the question of turning a last winter's gown, or putting new ribbon on an old bonnet, invention supplied the place of society. She conversed with phantoms, held mysterious communion with shadows. Were there not people outside her window for whom she had a secret code of signals? Did she not laugh to herself sometimes at the thought of how she cheated her custodians?

Sometimes she was gay with a feverish gayety, at other times melancholy to despair, weeping a rain of tears without knowing why she wept. Dr. Cameron being informed of these melancholy fits, suggested that she should mix more freely with the other patients; that she should spend an hour or two in the drawing-room with the milder cases, and even attend the weekly soirées, and derive gladness from the Lancers and Caledonians. So one sunny morning, when the aspect of Nature, even in her winter garment, was cheerful, Lady Paulyn's nurse led her down to the drawing-room, and left her there alone on an ottoman near the fire-place, while all the milder cases stared at her with a dreamy indifferent stare, but not without some glimmer of sane superciliousness.

The drawing-room was long and spacious, with a fire-place at each end, oak paneling and family portraits, a room that did really seem a little too good even for the milder cases, who were hardly up to oak paneling or the Sir Joshua Reynolds school of portraiture. The windows were high and wide, and the sun shone in upon the scattered figures, not grouped about either of the fire-places, but scattered about the length and breadth of the room, each as remote as possible from her companions, and all idle. There they sat, solitary among numbers, all staring straight before them after that one brief survey of Elizabeth—some talking to themselves in a dreamy, monotonous way, others silent.

Elizabeth looked round her wonderingly. What were they? Guests in a country-house? What a strange look they had, dressed not unlike other people, with faces like the faces of the rest of womankind so far as actual feature went, yet with so curious a stamp upon every countenance and every figure, and some minute eccentricity in every dress! And then that low, sullen muttering—solitary-looking women complaining to themselves in a hopeless, subdued manner; then suddenly that low sound of complaint swelled to a little burst of clamor, half a dozen shrill voices raised at the same instant, a discordant noise as of cats quarreling, which was hushed as suddenly at the behest of a clever-looking little woman dressed in black, who walked quickly up and down the room remonstrating.

There was an open piano near the fire-place. Elizabeth sat down before it presently and began to play—dreamily—as if awakening reason found a vague voice in music. But she had hardly played a dozen bars when a tall gaunt-looking woman, in brown and yellow, came up to her and pulled her away from the piano.

"I'll have no more of your noise," she said; "you're always at it, and I won't stand it any longer."

"But I never saw you before to-day," pleaded Elizabeth, looking at her with innocent, wondering eyes—eyes that had grown child-like in that long slumber of the mind. "I can't have annoyed you before to-day."

"Stuff and nonsense! You have annoyed me; you're a detestable nuisance. I won't have that piano touched. First and foremost, it's my property—"

"Come, come, Mrs. Sloper," said the little woman in black, who occupied the onerous post of matron in this part of the establishment. "You mustn't be naughty. You've been very naughty all this morning, and I shall really have to complain to Mr. Burley."

Mr. Burley was the resident medical man, a gentleman who enjoyed the privilege of daily intercourse with the cases, and had to do a good deal of mild flirtation with the first-class lady patients, each of whom fancied she had a peculiar right to the doctor's attention.

Elizabeth wondered a little to hear a broad-shouldered female, on the wrong side of forty, reproved for naughtiness, in the kind of tone usually addressed to a child of six. It was strange, but no stranger than the rest of her new life. There were some books on the table by the fire-place, the first books she had seen since her illness. She seized upon them eagerly, and began to turn the leaves, and look at the pictures. They seemed to speak to her, to be full of secret messages from some one she had loved. Who was it she had once loved so dearly? She could not even remember his name.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma!" moaned a lady in an arm-chair on the opposite side of the hearth—a middle-aged lady, stout of build, with pepper-and-salt colored hair neatly plaited and tied up with brown ribbons, in the street-door-knocker style, like a school-girl's. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she moaned, lifting her voice with every repetition of her cry; "take me home to my mamma!"

"Miss Chiffinch," said the matron, "you really must not go on so; you disturb every body, and it is exceedingly silly to talk like that. Your mamma has been dead for the last twenty years."

"You fool!" replied Miss Chiffinch, with ineffable scorn; "as if I didn't know that as well as you." And then resumed her cuckoo cry, "Oh, mamma, mamma!"

One young woman, with straight brown hair hanging down her back, walked about the room in a meandering kind of way, trying to fasten herself upon somebody, like the little boy who wanted the brute creation to play with him; and, like that idle child, was rejected by all. She

came up to Elizabeth presently, as if hoping to obtain sympathy from a new arrival.

"My sisters are so 'appy," she said; "so 'appy. They're all at 'ome, and they do enjoy themselves so; they're as 'appy as the day is long. Don't you think they'd let me go 'ome? I do so want to go 'ome: my sisters are so 'appy."

"Why don't you try to employ yourself, Miss Pocock?" demanded the busy little matron, who was always knitting a stocking, and whose needles flew as she walked up and down the room or remonstrated with her charges. "You'd get well as soon again if you'd try to do something; I'll give you some plain work, if you like; any thing would be better than roaming about like that, worrying every body."

"Oh, Mrs. Dawlings, do let me go 'ome," pleaded Miss Pocock, in her drawling tone; "my sisters are so 'appy. Oh, dear Mr. Burley"—this with a little gush as she espied the house doctor entering by a door near at hand—"*do* let me go 'ome. I'll be so grateful, and I'll be so good to father, and never be troublesome any more. My sisters are *so* 'appy!"

"You should have behaved better when you *were* at home," said Mr. Burley, with friendly candor. "There, go along," as Miss Pocock hung upon his arm affectionately, "and try to get well; get some needle-work, and sit down and keep yourself quiet." With which scientific advice Mr. Burley walked on and looked at the other patients, with a cool cursory glance at each; as if they had been a flock of sheep, and he, their shepherd, only wanted to assure himself he had the right number.

This was the ladies' drawing-room; the gentlemen had their own apartments in the east wing. The second-class patients, male and female, had their apartments in the west wing; and there were private sitting-rooms in abundance for patients not well enough or quiet enough for general society. The majority of these drawing-room cases were old stagers, people who had been in Dr. Cameron's care for years, and were likely to end their lives, contentedly enough perhaps, despite that chronic moaning, under his roof. They were well fed, and, living thus publicly under the matron's eye, were not much subject to the dominion of cruel nurses. They had comfortable rooms, good fires, weekly high-jinks in the winter, little dances on the lawn in the summer, an annual picnic, and, in short, such small solace as humanity could devise; and the slow dull lives they led here could hardly have been much slower or duller than the lives which some people, in their right mind, lead by choice in a country town.

Elizabeth looked at her fellow-patients in a dreamy way; turned the leaves of the books—reading a few lines here and there—the words always assuming a kind of hidden meaning for her, as if they had been mystic messages intended for her eye alone; but when the book was closed she had no memory of any thing she had read in it. She dined with the milder cases, male and female, in the public dining-room, at the request of Mr. Burley, who wanted to see the effect of society, even such society as that, as an awakening influence.

Here the cases behaved tolerably enough, though exhibiting the selfishness of poor humanity with an amount of candor which does not obtain in the outside world. There was a good deal of grumbling about the viands, chiefly in an under-tone, and the patients were perpetually remonstrating with the serving-man who administered to their wants, and who had rather a hard time of it. There were even attempts at conversation: Mr. Burley saying a few words in a brisk business-like way now and then at his end of the table, and the matron politely addressing her neighbors at her end. One elderly gentleman, with a limp white cravat and watery blue eyes, fixed upon Elizabeth, and favored her with an exposition of his theological views. "You have an intelligent countenance, madam," he said, "and I think you are capable of appreciating my ideas. There is a sad want of intellectuality in people here; a profound indifference to those larger questions which— No, Dickson, I will *not* have a waxy potato; how many times must I tell you that there is a conspiracy in this house to give me waxy potatoes! Take the plate away, Sir! I was about to observe, madam, that you have an intellectual countenance, and are, I doubt not—" Here Dickson's arrival with his plate again broke the thread of the elderly gentleman's discourse, and he branched off into a complaint against the administration for its unjust distribution of gravy; and then began again, and kept on beginning again with trifling variation of phrase till the end of dinner.

After dinner Jane Howlet, the nurse, bore Elizabeth away to her own apartment; but here she had now a piano, on which she played for hours together all the old dreamy Mendelssohn and Chopin music which she had played long ago in those dull days at the Vicarage when all her life had been a dream of Malcolm Forde. She played now as she had played then, weaving her thoughts into the music; and slowly, slowly, slowly the curtain was lifted, sense and memory came back, until one day she remembered that she was Lord Paulyn's wife, and that there was an impassable gulf between her and the man she loved.

So one morning when Dr. Cameron, going his weekly round, with Mr. Burley in attendance on him, asked her the old question about her husband in his gentle, fatherly voice, she no longer looked up to him with vague wonder in her eyes, but looked downward with a sad smile, a smile in which there was thought.

"My husband," she repeated, slowly. "No, I do not want to see him. Ours was not a happy marriage. He was always very good to me—let me have my own way in most things—only I couldn't be happy with him. I used to think that kind of life—a fine lady's life—must be happiness, but I was punished for my folly. It didn't make *me* happy."

This was by far the most reasonable speech she had uttered since she left Slogh-na-Dyack, but Dr. Cameron looked at his assistant with a pensive smile. "Still very rambling," he murmured, and then he patted Elizabeth's head with his gentlemanly hand. "You must try to get well, my dear lady," he said; "compose yourself, and collect your thoughts, and don't talk too much. And then I shall soon be able to write to your good kind husband and tell him you are better. Don't you think he'll be very pleased to hear that?"

"I don't know," answered Elizabeth, moodily; "if he cared very much he would hardly have left me here."

"My dear lady, your coming here was unavoidable. And see what good it has done you!"

"Good!" she cried, with a wild look. "You don't know what I suffered in that horrible room, locked in with those brutal women. Good! Why, between them they drove me mad!"

This speech cost Elizabeth a melancholy entry in the physician's note-book: "Very little improvement; ideas wild; delusion about nurses continues."

The weekly festive gatherings, at which she was now permitted to assist, were not enlivening to Lady Paulyn's spirits. She sat on a bench against the wall watching the dancers, who really seemed to enjoy themselves in their divers manners, except Miss Chiffinch, who was not Terpsichorean, and who sat in her corner and moaned for her mamma; and Miss Pocock, who, even in the midst of the Caledonians, button-holed her fellow-dancers in order to inform them that her sisters were "*so* 'appy!"

Mr. Burley himself assisted at these weekly dances, in white kid gloves, and, as long as things went tolerably well, made believe that the dancers were quite up to the mark, and on a level with dancers in the outside world. Every thing was done ceremoniously. The orchestra consisted of a harp, fiddle, and clarionet, all played by servants of the establishment. Mr. Burley danced with all the more distinguished ladies; curious-looking matrons in high caps and China crape shawls, whose gloves were too large for them—but this was a peculiarity of every body's gloves, being bought for them by the heads of the house with no special reference to size. He asked Elizabeth to dance the first set with him, but she declined.

"I never dance at servants' balls," she said; "it is all very well to look on for half an hour, but I should think they would enjoy themselves more if one kept away altogether."

"But this is not a servants' ball."

"What is it, then?"

Mr. Burley was rather at a loss for a reply.

"A—a friendly little dance," he said, "got up to amuse you all."

"But it doesn't amuse me at all. I don't know any of these people, they have not been introduced to me. I thought it was a servants' party."

"Oh, Mr. Burley, do please let me go 'ome," exclaimed Miss Pocock, swooping down upon the superintendent. "I do so want to go 'ome. My sisters are so 'appy."

"I tell you what it is, Melinda"—Miss Pocock's name was Melinda, and, being youthful, she was usually addressed by her Christian name—"if you don't behave yourself properly, you shall be sent to bed. Home, indeed; why, you'll have to stop here another twelvemonth if you go on bothering every body like this."

"Oh, Mr. Burley! And my sisters are so 'appy. There'll be tarts and negus presently, won't there?"

"Perhaps, if you behave yourself."

"Then I will. But my sisters are *so* 'appy."

Mr. Burley pushed her away with a friendly push, and she was presently absorbed in the whirlpool of a set of Lancers, and was informing people of her sisters' happiness to the tune of "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care." The house surgeon was more interested in Lady Paulyn than in Miss Melinda Pocock, who was the youngest daughter of an Essex farmer, idle, selfish, greedy, and troublesome, and by no means a profoundly interesting case.

He talked to Elizabeth for a little, talked seriously, and found her answers grow more reasonable as he went on. Did she remember Scotland, and her house there? Yes, she told him, with a shudder. She hated the house, but she loved the country, the hills, and the wide lakes, and the great sea beyond.

"I should like to live out upon those hills alone all the rest of my life," she said.

"You must get well, and go back there in the summer."

"Not to that house; to a cottage among the hills, a cottage of my own, where I could live by myself. I will never go back to that house and the people in it. But why do you all talk to me about getting well? There is nothing the matter with me, or at least only my tiresome cough, which will be well soon enough."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!"

THREE weeks had gone by since Dr. Cameron had written to Lord Paulyn, and Malcolm Forde still waited to hear the result of that application. He went on with his own particular work quietly enough in the mean while, did the heaviest part of the asthmatic curate's duty, read to all the bed-ridden cottagers within six miles of Hetheridge, went up to London every now and then to see his friends of the Gospel Society, and thus kept himself acquainted with all that was being done for the progress of that great work to which he had given his life, and so lived a not altogether empty or futile existence even during this period of self-abnegation. He had to attend a meeting in town one morning while still waiting for Lord Paulyn's letter, and finding his business finished at one o'clock, went straight to Eaton Place to call upon Miss Luttrell. He had heard from Dr. Cameron a day or two before, to the effect that there had been no answer from Lord Paulyn, but it was just possible Gertrude herself might have received a letter that very morning. The letter must come sooner or later, he thought, with some explanation of the delay which seemed so heartless.

The Eaton Place man-of-all-work—the man who had given Mr. Forde the ticket for the amateur theatricals at the Rancho—had rather a doubtful air when he asked to see Miss Luttrell. Mrs. Chevenix and Miss Luttrell were at home, he said, but he hardly thought they would see any body.

"Miss Luttrell will not refuse to see me," said Mr. Forde, giving the man his card.

"Oh, it's not that—I know you, Sir, only I'm afraid there's something wrong. But I'll take your name in."

He carried the card into the dining-room, and reappeared immediately to usher Mr. Forde in after it.

Mrs. Chevenix and her eldest niece were at luncheon; that is to say, the usual array of edibles—the snug little hot-water dish of cutlets, the imported pie in a crockery crust, the crisp passover biscuits, Stilton cheese, dry sherry, silver chocolate-pot, and other vanities—had been duly set forth for Mrs. Chevenix's delectation, but that lady sat gazing absently at these preparations, with consternation written upon her countenance. Gertrude, who also sat idle at the other end of the table, was in the act of shedding tears.

"What is the matter?" Mr. Forde asked, with an alarmed tone. Had there been ill news from Hetheridge in his absence? His heart sank at the thought. But surely that could not be. He had inquired of the woman at the lodge that very morning, and had heard a good account of the patient. He had made this lodge-keeper his friend, bought her fidelity at a handsome price, at the very beginning of things, and so had been able to obtain tidings every day.

The two ladies sighed dolefully, but said nothing. There was an open letter lying beside Gertrude's plate, a letter edged with black. The letter from Lord Paulyn, he thought. That nobleman must be still in mourning for his mother.

"Have you heard from Rome?" he asked Gertrude; "and does he forbid you seeing your sister? Can he be cruel enough, wicked enough to do that?"

"We have had no letter from Lord Paulyn, and I must beg you not to speak in that impetuous way about my poor nephew-in-law," said Mrs. Chevenix. "Lord Paulyn is in heaven."

Malcolm Forde looked at her wonderingly; the phrase seemed almost meaningless at first.

"Yes, it's very dreadful," said Gertrude, "but it's only too true. I'm sure it seems like a dream. He was not a kind brother-in-law to me, and I had very little advantage from such a splendid connection, except, perhaps, being more looked up to and deferred to in Hawleigh society. The same people that asked us to spend the evening before Elizabeth's marriage asked us to dinner afterward. Beyond that I had nothing to thank Lord Paulyn for. But still it seems so dreadful to be snatched away like that, and only thirty-four; and I fear that after the sadly worldly life he led here he'll find the change to a better world disappointing."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Forde. "Is Lord Paulyn dead?"

"Yes," sighed Gertrude; "the letter came this morning from his lawyer. He died at Rome last Thursday, after only a week's illness. He had been hunting in the Campagna, his lawyer says, and caught cold, but refused to stay in-doors and nurse himself, as his valet wanted him to do, and the next morning he woke in a high fever; and the landlord of the hotel sent for a doctor, an Italian, who bled him every other day to keep down the fever. But he grew rapidly worse, and died on Thursday morning, just as his servant began to get frightened and was going to call in an English doctor. The lawyer is very angry, and says he must have been murdered by that Italian doctor. It seems very dreadful."

"It will be in the *Morning Post* to-morrow," said Mrs. Chevenix, solemnly. "I shouldn't be surprised if they gave him half a column edged with black, like a prime minister. I suppose it would be a mockery to offer you luncheon, Mr. Forde," she went on in a dreary voice; "those cutlets *à la soubise* are sure to be good. You won't? Then we may as well go up to the drawing-room. Give me a glass of sherry, Gertrude. I haven't touched a morsel of any thing since breakfast."

So they went up stairs to the drawing-room—that room whose veriest trifles, the fernery, the celadon china, the lobsters and other sea-vermin in modern majolica-ware, reminded Malcolm Forde of that bitter day when he had tried to cast Elizabeth Luttrell out of his heart as entirely as he banished her from his life.

"It seems like a dream," said Gertrude, wiping away a tributary tear, and appeared to think that in this novel remark she had expressed all that could possibly be said about Lord Paulyn's untimely death.

"We shall all have to go into mourning," she went on presently. "So near Ashcombe, of course it would be impossible to avoid it, and I don't suppose he has left us any thing for mourning; dying so suddenly, he wouldn't be likely to think of it. And the summer coming on too, with our dusty roads—positively ruinous for mourning."

"He is to be brought home to Ashcombe," said Mrs. Chevenix; "and poor Elizabeth not able to be at the funeral. So sad! And her absence so likely to be noticed in the papers!"

They babbled on about funerals and mourning, and will or no will, while Malcolm Forde sat silent, really like one whose brain is entangled in the mazes of some wild dream. Dead! —the last, remotest possibility he could have dreamed of—dead! And Elizabeth set free, free for him to watch over, for him to cherish, for him to win slowly back to reason and to love!

He thought of her that night at Dunallen, that bitter night, in which temptation assailed him in the strongest form that ever the tempter wore for erring man's destruction, when she had stretched out her arms to him and pleaded, "Keep me with you, Malcolm, keep me with you!" and he had longed with a wild longing to clasp her to his breast, and carry her away to some secure haven of secrecy and loneliness, and defy the world and heaven and hell for her sake. Brief but sharp had been the struggle; few the tears he had shed; but the tears a strong man sheds in such a moment are tears of blood. And behold, now she was free! He might say to her, "Dearest, I will keep you and guard you forever; and even if the lost light never comes back again—if those sweet eyes must see me forever dimly through a cloud of troubled thoughts—I may still be your guardian, your companion, your brother, your friend."

But she would recover—he had Dr. Cameron's assurance of that. She would recover. God would give her back to life and reason, and to him. How strange and new seemed that wondrous prospect of happiness! like a sudden break in a leaden storm-cloud flooding all the world with sunshine; like an opening in a wood revealing a fair summer landscape new to the gaze of the traveler, fairer than all that he had ever seen upon earth, almost as lovely as his dreams of heaven.

He sat speechless in this wonderful crisis of his life, not daring to thank God for this blessing, since it came to him by so dread a means, by the sudden cutting off of a man who had never injured him, and for whose untimely death he should have felt some natural Christian-like regret.

But he could not bring himself to consider his dead rival; he could only think of his own new future—a future which would give back to him all he had surrendered—a future which would recompense him a thousandfold, even in this lower life, for every sacrifice of inclination, for every renunciation of self-interest, that he had made. It was not his theory that a man's works should be rewarded in this life; but earthly things are apt to be sweet even to a Christian, and to Malcolm Forde to-day it seemed that to win back the woman he had loved, to begin again from that unforgotten starting-point when he had held her in his arms under the March moonlight, the star-like eyes looking up at him full of unspeakable love, to recommence existence thus was to be young again, young in a world as new as Eden was to Adam when he woke in the dewy morning and beheld his helpmeet.

And Tongataboo, and the infantile souls who had wanted to worship him as their god, the dusky chiefs who made war upon each other and roasted each other alive upon occasion, only for the want of knowing better, and who were prompt to confess that the God of the Christians, not exacting human sacrifice or self-mutilation, must needs be "a good fellow"—what of these and all those other heathen in the unexplored corners of the earth, to which he was to have carried the cross of Christ? Was he ready to renounce these at a breath, for the sake of his earthly love? No, a thousand times no! Love and duty should go hand in hand. His wife should go with him—should help him in his sacred work. He would know how to leave her in some secure shelter when the path he trod was perilous—he would expose her to no danger—but she might be near him always, and sometimes with him, and might help him in his labors, might serve the great cause even by her beauty and brightness—as birds and flowers, lovely useless things as we may deem them, swell the universal hymn wherewith God's creatures praise their Creator.

All these thoughts were in his mind, vistas of happiness to come, stretching in dazzling vision far away into the distant future, while he sat silent like a man spell-bound, hearing and yet not hearing the voice of Mrs. Chevenix as she held forth at length upon the difference between real property and personal property in relation to a widow's thirds, and the supreme folly, the almost idiocy—sad token of future derangement—which Elizabeth had shown in objecting to a marriage-settlement.

"'Heir-presumptive,' said Mrs. Chevenix, referring to Burke, whose crimson-bound volume lay open close at hand, "'Captain Paulyn, R.N.; born January, 1828; married, October, 1849, Sarah Jane, third daughter of John Henry Towser, Esq., of West Hackney, Middlesex.' Imagine a twopenny-halfpenny naval man inheriting that vast wealth, and perhaps Elizabeth left almost a pauper! If that sweet child had only lived! But there has seemed a fate against that poor girl from the first. What will be her feelings when she recovers her senses, poor child, and is told she is only a dowager! Even the diamonds, I suppose, will have to go to Sarah Jane, third daughter of John Henry Towser" (with ineffable disgust).

"As her nearest relation you will now have the right to see your sister without any one's permission," said Mr. Forde to Gertrude, slowly awakening from that long dream. "She has ceased to belong to any one—but you. Will you come up to Hetheridge to-morrow morning, Gertrude?" He had called her by her Christian name throughout this time of trouble, and to-day it seemed as if she were already his sister. He was eager to think and act for her, to do every thing that might hasten the hour of Elizabeth's release.

"I will come if you like, only—there's the

mourning; we can't be too quick about that. They may ask us to the funeral."

"*They!* Who? Your brother-in-law had no near relations. There will only be lawyers and the new Viscount interested in this business. Let the dead bury their dead. You have your sister to think of. Could you not send for Blanche? Your sister expressed a desire to see Blanche. I have been thinking that I might find you a furnished house at Hetheridge; there is a pretty little cottage on the outskirts of the village, which I am told is usually let to strangers in summer. If I could get that for you now, you would be close at hand, and could see your sister daily. I have had a good deal of friendly talk with Dr. Cameron, and I am sure that he will do all in his power to hasten her recovery. May I try to secure the cottage for you?"

Gertrude looked at him curiously; she was very pale, and the eyes, which had once been handsome eyes, before time and disappointment had dimmed their lustre, had brightened with an unusual light—not a pleasant light.

"You think of no one but Elizabeth," she said, her voice trembling a little. "It is hardly respectful to the dead."

"I think of the living whom I know more than of the dead whom I only saw for an hour or so once in my life; that is hardly strange. If you are indifferent to your sister's welfare at such a time as this, I will not trouble you about her. I can write to Blanche; she will come, I dare say, if I ask her."

Blanche would come, yes, at the first bidding. Had she not been pestering her elder sister with piteous letters, entreating to be allowed to come to London and see her darling Lizzie, whose madness she would never believe in? It was all a plot of those horrid Paulyns. Gertrude knew very well that Blanche would come.

"You can take the cottage," she said, "if it is not very expensive. Please remember that we are poor. You won't mind my going away, will you, aunt, to be near Elizabeth?"

"My dear Gertrude, how can you ask such a question?" exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, expansively. "As if I should for a moment allow any selfish desire of mine to stand between you and poor Elizabeth."

She said this with real feeling; for Gertrude was not a vivacious companion, and her society had for some time been oppressive to Mrs. Chevenix.

It is no small trial for an elderly lady with a highly cultivated selfishness to have to share her dainty little luncheons and careful little dinners, her decanter of Manzanilla, and her cup of choicest Mocha, with a person who is neither profitable nor entertaining.

"Mr. Foljambe, the lawyer, a person in Gray's Inn, promises to call to-morrow," said Mrs. Chevenix, presently. "I suppose we shall hear all the sad particulars from him, and about the will, if there is a will."

In the question of the will Mr. Forde felt small interest. Was he not rich enough for both, rich enough to go back to those sunny isles in the southern sea, with his sweet young wife to bear him company; rich enough to build her a pleasant home in that land where, before very long, if he so chose, he might write himself down bishop? All his desires were bounded by the hope of her speedy recovery and release. He could go to Dr. Cameron now with a bolder front; could tell the kindly physician that brief and common story which the doctor had perhaps guessed at ere now; could venture to say to him, "I have watched over and cared for her not only because I was her father's friend, and remember her in her bright youth, but because I have loved her as well as ever a woman was loved upon this earth."

CHAPTER XVII.

"The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two."

THE cottage was hired; a rustic little box of a place containing four rooms and a kitchen, with a lean-to roof; a habitation just redeemed from absolute commonness by a prettily arranged garden, a green porch, and one bow-window; but Gertrude, who came to Hetheridge with her worldly goods in a cab, declared the place charming, worthy of Mr. Forde's excellent taste. This was before noon upon the day after Malcolm heard of Lord Paulyn's death. He had lost no time, but had taken the cottage, engaged the woman who kept it to act as servant, seen Dr. Cameron, who had that morning received a letter from Mr. Foljambe, the lawyer, and was inexpressibly shocked at the event which it announced, and had wrung from him a somewhat reluctant consent to the sisters' seeing each other on the following day.

"There is a marked improvement—yes, I may venture to say, a decided improvement; but Lady Paulyn is hardly as well as I could wish. The mind still wanders; nor is the physical health all I could desire. But that doubtless will be benefited by milder weather."

"And freedom," said Malcolm Forde, eagerly. "Elizabeth's soul is too wild a bird not to languish in a cage. Give her back to the scenes of her youth and the free air of heaven, and I will be responsible for the completion of her cure. You will not tell her of her husband's death yet awhile, I suppose?"

"I think not. The shock might be too great in her present weak condition."

Three o'clock in the afternoon was the hour Dr. Cameron appointed for the interview, and at half past two Mr. Forde called at the cottage. He had promised to take Gertrude to the park gate, and to meet her in the Hetheridge road on her return, so that he might have early tidings of the interview.

It was a balmy afternoon in early spring, the leafless elms faintly stirred by one of those mild west winds which March sometimes steals from his younger brother April, an afternoon of sunshine and promise, which cheats the too hopeful soul with the fond delusion that summer was not very far off, that equinoctial gales are done with, and the hawthorn blossom ready to burst through the russet brown of the hedge-rows. Hetheridge is a spot beautiful even in winter, essentially beautiful in spring, when the undulating pastures that slope away from the crest of the hill down to the very edge of the distant city are clothed in their freshest verdure, and dotted with wild purple crocuses, which flourish in profusion on some of the Hetheridge pastures. Hetheridge has as yet escaped the builder; half a dozen country-houses, for the most part of the William-and-Mary period, are scattered along the rural-looking road, a few more clustered near the green. Shops there are none; only a village inn, with sweet-smelling white-curtained bed-chambers and humble sanded parlors, and a row of cottages, an avenue of ancient elms, and the village church to close the vista. At the church gates the road makes a sudden wind, and descends the hill gently, still keeping high above the distant city and the broad valley between, to the gates of Hetheridge Park.

"This bright afternoon seems a good omen," said Malcolm Forde, as he and Gertrude came near this gate.

"Oh, dear Mr. Forde, surely *you* are not superstitious!" exclaimed Gertrude, with a shocked air.

"Superstitious, no; but one is cheered by the sunshine. I am glad the sun will shine on your first meeting with your sister. Think of her, Gertrude, a prisoner on this lovely day!"

"But she is not a prisoner in the slightest degree. Don't you remember Dr. Cameron told us she was to have carriage airings?"

"Yes, to be driven out with other patients, I suppose, for a stiff little drive. I don't think Elizabeth would mistake that for liberty. This is the gate. I will leave you to find your own way to the house. I have no permission to cross the boundary. You will find me here when you come back."

He waited a long hour, his imagination following Gertrude into that old red-brick mansion, his fancy seeing the face he loved almost as vividly as he had seen it with his bodily eyes that night at Dunallen. What would be the report? Would she strike Gertrude strangely, as a changed creature, not the sister she had known a year or two ago, but a being divided from her by a great gulf, distant, unapproachable, strange as the shadowy semblance of the very dead? It was an hour of unspeakable anxiety. All his future life seemed now to hang upon what Gertrude should tell him when she came out of that gate. At first he had walked backward and forward, for a distance of about a quarter of a mile, by the park fence. Later he could not do this, so eagerly did he expect Gertrude's return, but stood on the opposite side of the road, with his back against a stile, watching the gate.

She came out at last, walking slowly, with her veil down. His watch told him that she had been just a few minutes more than an hour; his heart would have made him believe he had waited half a day. She did not see him, and was walking toward the village, when he crossed the road and placed himself by her side.

"Well," he cried, eagerly, "tell me every thing, for God's sake! Did she know you? Was she pleased to see you? Did she talk reasonably, like her old self?"

Gertrude did not answer immediately. He repeated his question. "For God's sake, tell me!"

"Yes," she said, not looking up, "she knew me, and seemed rather pleased, and talked of our old life at Hawleigh, and poor papa, and was very reasonable. I don't think there is much the matter with her mind."

"Thank God, thank God! I knew He would be good to us! I knew He would listen to our prayers! And she is better, nearly well! God bless that good Dr. Cameron! I was inclined to hate him at first, and to think that he meant to lock her up and hide her from us all the days of her life. But he only did what was right, and he has cured her. Gertrude, why do you keep your veil down like that, and your head bent so that I can't see your face? There is nothing to be unhappy about, now that she is so much better. If she knew you and talked to you reasonably of the past, she must be very much better. You should be as glad as I am, as grateful for God's mercy to us."

He took hold of her arm, trying to look into her face, but she turned away from him and burst into a passion of weeping.

"She is dying!" she said at last; "I saw death in her face. She is dying; and I have helped to kill her!"

"Dying! Elizabeth dying!" He uttered the words mechanically, like a man half stunned by a terrible blow.

"She is dying!" Gertrude repeated, with passionate persistence. "Dr. Cameron may talk of her being only a little weak, and getting well again when the mild weather comes, but she will never live to see the summer. Those hollow cheeks, those bright, bright eyes, they pierced me to the heart. That was how mamma looked, just like that, a few months before she died. Just like Elizabeth, to-day. That little worrying cough, those hot dry hands—all, all the dreadful signs I know so well. Oh, Mr. Forde, for God's sake don't look at me like that, with that dreadful look in your face! You make me hate myself worse than ever, and I have hated myself bitterly enough ever since—"

"Ever since what?" he asked, with a sudden searching look in his eyes, his face white as the face of death. Had he not just received his death-blow, or the more cruel death-blow of all his sweet newborn hopes, his new life? "Ever since what?" he repeated, sternly.

She cowered and shrank before him, looking at the ground, and trembling like some hunted animal. "Since I tried to part you and Elizabeth," she said. "I suppose it was very wicked, though I wrote only the truth. But every thing has gone wrong with us since then. It seemed as if I had let loose a legion of troubles."

"You tried to part us—you wrote only the truth! What! Then the anonymous letter that sowed the seeds of my besotted jealousy was your writing?"

"It was the truth, word for word as I heard it from Frederick Melvin."

"And you wrote an anonymous letter—the meanest, vilest form which malice ever chooses for its cowardly assault—to part your sister and her lover! May I ask, Miss Luttrell, what I had done to deserve this from you?"

"That I will never tell you," she said, looking up at him for the first time doggedly.

"I will not trouble you for your reasons. You did what you could to poison my life, and perhaps your sister's. And now you tell me she is dying. But she shall not die," he cried, passionately, "if prayer and love can save her. I will wrestle for my darling, as Jacob wrestled with the angel. I will supplicate day and night; I will give her the best service of my heart and brain. If science and care and limitless love can save her, she shall be saved. But I think you had better go back to Devonshire, Miss Luttrell, and let me have your sister Blanche for my ally. It was not your letter that parted us, however. I was not quite weak enough to be frightened by any anonymous slander. It was my own hot-headed folly, or your sister's fatal pride, that severed us. Only I should hardly like to see you about her after what you have told me. There would be something too much of Judas in the business."

"Oh, Mr. Forde, how hard you are toward me! And I acted for the best," said Gertrude, whimpering. "I thought that I was only doing my duty toward you. I felt so sure that you and Elizabeth were unsuited to each other, that she could never make you happy—"

"Pray who taught you to take the measure of my capacity for happiness?" cried Mr. Forde, with sudden passion. "Your sister was the only woman who ever made me happy"—he checked himself, remembering that this was treason against that gentler soul he had loved and lost—"the only woman who ever made me forget every thing in this world except herself. The only woman who could have kept me a bond-slave at her feet, who could have put a distaff in my hand, and made me false to every purpose of my life. But that is all past now, and if God gives her back to me I will serve Him as truly as I love her."

"Say that you forgive me, dear Mr. Forde," pleaded Gertrude, in a feeble, piteous voice. "You can't despise me more than I despise myself, and yet I acted with the belief that I was only doing my duty. It seemed right for you to know. I used to think it over in church even, and it seemed only right you should know. Do say that you forgive me!"

"Say that I forgive you!" cried Mr. Forde, bitterly. "What is the good of my forgiveness? Can it undo the great wrong you did, if that letter parted us, if it turned the scale by so much as a feather's weight? I forgive you freely enough. I despise you too much to be angry."

"Oh, that is very cruel!"

"Do you expect to gather grapes from the thorns you planted? Be content if the thorn has not stung you to death."

"But you'll let me stay, won't you, Mr. Forde, and see my poor sister as often as Dr. Cameron will allow me? Remember, I was not obliged to confess this to you. I might have kept my secret forever. You would never have suspected me."

"Hardly. I knew it was a woman's work, but I could not think it was a sister's."

"I told you of my own free-will, blackened myself in your eyes, and if you are so hard upon me, where can I expect compassion? Let me stay, and do what I can to be a comfort to Elizabeth."

"How can I be sure that you are sincere—that you really wish her well? You may be planning another anonymous letter. You may consider it your duty to come between us again."

"What! with my sister on the brink of the grave?" cried Gertrude, bursting into tears—tears which seemed the outpouring of a genuine grief.

"So be it, then. You shall stay, and I will try to forget you ever did that mean and wicked act."

"You forgive me?"

"As I hope God has already forgiven you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Now three years since
This had not seemed so good an end for me;
But in some wise all things wear round betimes
And wind up well."

ELIZABETH has been nearly five months a widow. It is the end of July. She is at Penarthur, a little Cornish town by the sea, at the extreme western point of the land, a sheltered nook where the climate is almost as mild as the south of France; where myrtles climb over all the cottages, and roses blossom among the very chimney-pots; where the sea has the hues of a fine opal or a peacock's breast, forever changing from blue to green. Penarthur is a combination of market-town and a fashionable watering-place; the town, with its narrow high-street, and bank, and post-office, and market, and busy-looking commercial inn, lying a little inland, the fashionable district consisting of a row of white-walled houses and one huge many-balconied hotel, six stories high, facing the Atlantic Ocean.

Among the white houses there is one a little better than the rest, standing alone in a small garden, a garden full of roses and carnations, mignonette and sweet-peas, and here they have brought Elizabeth. They are all with her—Gertrude, Diana, and Blanche; Anne, the old vicarage nurse, who has left her comfortable retirement at Hawleigh to wait upon her darling; and Malcolm Forde, who lodges in a cottage near at hand, but who spends all his days with Elizabeth. With Elizabeth, for whom alone he seems to live in these bitter-sweet hours of close companionship; with Elizabeth, who is never to be his wife. God has restored her reason; but across the path that might have been so fair and free for these two to tread together there has crept the darkness of a shadow which forebodes the end of earthly hope.

He has her all to himself in these soft summer days, in this quiet haven by the sea, no touch of pride, no thought of conflicting duty to divide them; but he knows full surely that he will have her only for a little while; that the sweet eyes which look at him with love unspeakable are slowly, slowly fading; that the oval cheek, whose wasting line the drooping hair disguises, is growing more hollow day by day; that nothing love or science can do, and he has well-nigh exhausted the resources of both in her service, can delay their parting. Not upon this earth is he to reap the harvest of his labors; not in earthly happiness is he to find the fruition of his faith. The darkest hour of his life lies before him, and he knows it, sees the bolt ready to descend, and has to smile and be cheerful, and beguile his dear one with an aspect of unchanging serenity, lest by any betrayal of his grief he should shorten the brief span in which they may yet be together.

Physicians, the greatest in the land, have done their uttermost. She had lived too fast. That short reign of splendor in Park Lane, perpetual excitement, unceasing fatigue, unflagging high spirits or the appearance of high spirits, the wild grief that had followed her baby's death, the vain regrets that had racked her soul even in the midst of her brilliant career, the excitement and fever of an existence which meant to be all pleasure—these were among the causes of her decline. There had been a complete exhaustion of vitality, though the amount of vitality had been exceptional; the ruin of a superb constitution worn out untimely by sheer ill-usage.

"Men drink themselves to death very often," said one of the doctors to Malcolm Forde; "and women just as often wear themselves to death. This lovely young woman has worn out a constitution which ought to have lasted till she was eighty. Very sad; a complete decline of vital force. The cough we might get over, patch up the lungs, or make the heart do their work; but the whole organization is worn out."

Mr. Forde had questioned them as to the possible advantages of change of climate. He was ready to carry her to the other end of the world, if Hope beckoned him.

"If she should live till October, you might take her to Madeira," said his counselor, "though this climate is almost as good. The voyage might be beneficial, or might not. With so delicate an organization to deal with, one can hardly tell."

That disease, which is of all maladies the most delusive, allowed Elizabeth many hours of ease and even hopefulness. She did not see the fatal shadow that walked by her side. Never had the world seemed so fair to her or life so sweet. The only creature she had ever deeply loved was restored to her; a happy future waited for her. Her intervals of bodily suffering she regarded as an ordeal through which she must pass patiently, always cheered by that bright vision of the days to come, when she was to be Malcolm's helpmeet and fellow-worker. The pain and weariness were hard to bear sometimes, but she bore them heroically, as only a tiresome detail in the great business of getting well; and after a night of fever and sleeplessness, would greet Malcolm's morning visit with a smile full of hope and love.

She was very fond of talking to him of their future, the strange world she was to see, the curious child-like people whose little children she was to teach; funny-colored children, with eyes blacker than the sloes in the Devonshire lanes, and flashing white teeth; children who would touch her white raiment with inquisitive little paws, and think her a goddess, and wonder why she did not spread her wings and soar away to the blue sky. Her brain was singularly active; the apathy which had been a distinguishing mark of her mental disorder a few months ago, which had even continued for some time after she left Hetheridge Hall, had now given place to all the old vivacity.

She was full of schemes and fancies about that bright future; planned every room in the one-story house, bungalow-shaped, which Malcolm was to build for her; was never tired of hearing him describe those sunny islands in the southern sea.

They had been talking of these things one sultry afternoon in a favorite spot of Elizabeth's, a little curve of the shore where there was a smooth stretch of sand, sheltered by a screen of rocks. She could not walk so far, but was brought here in a bath-chair, and sometimes, when weakest, reclined here on a couch made of carriage-rugs and air pillows. This afternoon they were alone. The three sisters had gone off on a pilgrimage to Mordred Castle, and had left them to the delight of each other's company.

"How nice it is to be with you like this!" Elizabeth said, softly, putting a wasted little hand into Malcolm's broad palm, a hand which seemed smaller to him every time he clasped it. "I wish there were more castles for the others to see, only that sounds ungrateful when they are so good to me. Do you know, Malcolm, I lie awake at night often—the cough keeps me awake a good deal, but it would be all the same if I had no cough—I lie and wonder at our happiness, won-